

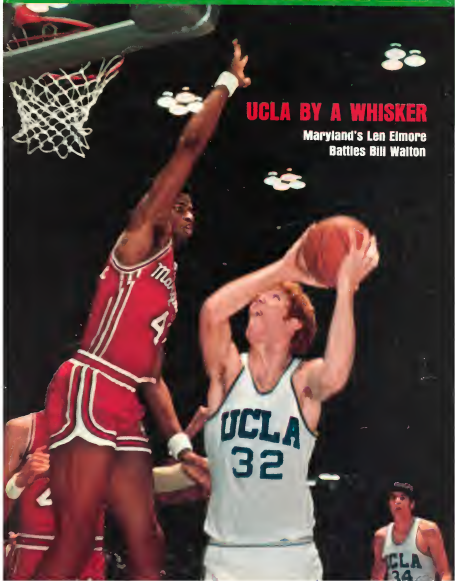
Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 10, 1979

60 CENTS

UCLA BY A WHISKER

Maryland's Len Elmore
Battles Bill Walton





**Enlighten
someone.
Give Crow Light Whiskey.**

No shaver advertising dares compare their shave with a Ronson shave.

Here's why:

Our micro-thin shaving screen is thinner than this page.
So our 36 surgical-sharp blades cut closer to the whisker base.
To cut as close as Ronson, you have to *get* as close as Ronson.
No shaver in America dares claim they can.



No comparison: A Ronson shave is unsurpassed. Because the Ronson cutting system is unbeatable.

We created the first micro-thin shaving screen, years ago. Now others have tried to copy us.

But they don't have our unique cutting system. They don't have our 36 surgical-sharp blades. They don't have our high power motor that eats up whiskers at the softest touch. They don't have our "SuperTrim" or our Electric Self-Cleaning feature.

They don't have our great Replacement Kit, the only one that lets you replace *both* blades and screen to keep your Ronson shaver sharp as new. So to get closeness without comparison, you have to get a Ronson shaver. Try a Ronson today.

1000XL RONSON
by DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

Closeness without comparison.

IN EUROPE, WHERE A GALLON OF GAS GOES FOR BETWEEN 70¢ AND \$1.15, MORE PEOPLE BUY FIATS THAN ANY OTHER CAR.



Price of oil (regular gasoline) in Europe*: Belgium, \$1.10; Denmark, \$1.01; Norway, \$1.10; Sweden, \$1.04; Netherlands, \$1.15; Switzerland, \$.90; Italy, \$1.01; Germany, \$1.18; Spain, \$.92; England, \$.70; France, \$1.03; Portugal, \$.94; Greece, \$.99. (Currency exchange rate as of 10/1/75.)

Source: London Financial Times Research Library, London, England

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

*Minimum 15 km/h (10 mph) speed through your dealer

Contents

DECEMBER 10, 1973 Volume 39, No. 24

Cover photograph by Sherry & Long

22 Po-tential Almost Stole It

Lefty Driesell said Maryland could beat UCLA, and for several rapturous moments he nearly was a prophet

26 America Went Way Down Under

Australia's John Newcombe and Rod Laver performed precision surgery on the U.S., cutting loose the Davis Cup

28 Lessons from the Old Masters

Hockey idols Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull met for the first time in a WHA game and skated up a storm

30 Lull Beneath the Jacaranda Tree

All too briefly, color was a thing of beauty when Arthur Ashe and Bob Foster showed their skills in South Africa

36 Making Sport of Us All

The codding of pro athletes has become commonplace, causing dire changes in attitudes and ethics

44 In Steve's Book, the 'I' Has It

And the apple of Agent Steve Viscnaldi's eye is Vincent Bracciale, at 20 already a top jockey

52 Close and a Big Cigar

The Cowboys will be meeting the Redskins in a game in which the team that loses could be the winner

70 Where the Wild Goose Goes

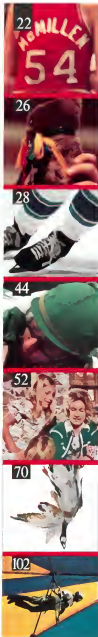
Having tripled in population in 20 years, Canada geese are now the No. 1 winter tourists of the Chesapeake

102 I'm Icarus—Fly Me

The legend began with feathers and wax, but now man's dream of free flight is called hang gliding

The departments

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 19 Scorecard | 95 College Football |
| 81 People | 98 Pro Basketball |
| 82 College Basketball | 125 For the Record |
| 91 Aviation | 126 19th Hole |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year and, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, IL 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepler, President; Richard E. McKinnough, Treasurer; Charles R. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized to second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$8.95 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

Credits on page 128

Next week

MIGHTY though young, traditional foes Indiana and Kentucky meet in Louisville. Barry McDermott reports on Mid-America's first showdown of the college basketball season.

432-407 MPN may seem a bit on the swift side in this era of 50-mph speed limits, but Gary Gabelich, who drove his rocket car that fast in 1970, is aiming now at the speed of sound.

BRIGHT THREADS woven unobtrusively through *Remembrance of Things Past* reveal Marcel Proust's interest in sport. Robert Carver examines the master's tapestry.

Salem refreshes naturally!

- Naturally grown menthol.
- Rich natural tobacco taste.
- No harsh, hot taste.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report 1E-77.
Salem King: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report 1E-77.

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898-1962

Editor-in-Chief: Bartley Gorman

Chairman of the Board: Andrew H. Heston

President: James S. Hensley

Chairman, Executive Committee: James A. Lurie

Group Vice President, Magazines: Andrew W. Kravitz

Vice Chairman: Roy E. Lippert

Managing Editor: Andrew S. Isaacs

Executive Editor: Roy Tancil

Assistant Managing Editor: John (Jack) Ray Case

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

Executive Editor: James S. Hensley

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Artist Francis Golden, whose delicate watercolors of a goose shoot appear on pages 70-72, first came winging onto SPORT'S ILLUSTRATED's horizon in 1960, when the magazine was only six years old. He has been around ever since, and his assignments have ranged from the exact portraiture of the very ungoose-like Jack Nicklaus demonstrating how

One trip that took him past the Arctic Circle landed him in freezing waters when he slipped off the pontoon of a float plane and into the drink. "The Eskimos thought it was hilarious," Golden remembers. "They stood on shore slapping their thighs." A while later, trying to adjust the pin in the center pole of his tent, Golden was buried

when the entire thing collapsed on him. "By this time the Eskimos probably thought I was Bob Hope putting on a comedy act for their benefit. We caught some nice Arctic char, though." Now devoted to fly fishing, Golden caught his first trout as a child—using a worm on a bent pin—and one of his most memorable trips was a jaunt to Baja California with the late Jon Tarantino, the world's champion fly-

To study the Canada goose in flight, Golden traveled to the Chesapeake area, photographed his subjects and then flew home "with somewhat less grace than the goose," he admits, to begin the creative process of translating his photographic notes into paintings. Golden lives in the still relatively rural area of Weston, Conn., and geese sometimes put down on a small pond in back of his house. The uninitiated might think that one goose is much like another, but to Golden this just isn't so. "Your every detail has to be accurate," he says, which is why his camera plays an important part in the initial stages of his work. As for the watercolor that emerges under his brush, it suddenly "takes off," so that there is little or no resemblance between photograph and resultant painting. "For me, a watercolor is an emotional experience," he says, "harder to control than oils, because you don't paint one stroke at a time." Golden, who also paints for *Audubon Magazine*, usually takes three to four weeks to complete an assignment, traveling and hunting his quarry in its natural habitat, where things do not always proceed with artistic symmetry.



earlier, to catch and paint roosterfish. Golden's father used to take him rabbit hunting, but Golden remembers that even in those early days he did not much like killing things. "Today, when I go fishing, I enjoy the sport, but I like to release a lot of fish," he says. Golden prefers painting fish and birds in action, anyway. He feels he can bring a special vibrancy to game on the move—and his masterful watercolors attest to that.

Two weeks ago in this space we told you about the energetic fly Photographer Heinz Klautermeier covers events. At Ohio State-Michigan last week Heinz was energetically poised on the sidelines when OSU's Archie Griffin tried to turn the corner on a sweep. He is now recovering from an operation to fix a torn cartilage in his knee.

Sack meyer

In 1919, the Navy offered Today, they're only

HAILING YOU
for



Service, Travel, Trade-
Instruction

NAVY PAY RAISED

Bonus for former Navy Men

APPLY NAVY RECRUITING STATION

Seeing the world, learning a trade, putting your life to good use will always be Navy facts of life.

And today's Navy offers even more. Training in highly skilled jobs, responsibility, a great chance to make the most of yourself.



This Navy poster originally appeared in 1919. For a free full-color reproduction, stop by your local Navy recruiter's office. No obligation, of course.

travel, training, pay. the beginning.



The Navy has many jobs to choose from, if you're qualified. Interesting, exciting, active jobs that require brain power, good hands — or both. Jobs that demand you prove your ability. Like communications technician, sea-going engineer, metal worker, computer operator, and many, many others.

Good jobs? Sure. Easy jobs? No. Navy standards today are higher than ever.

And, of course, you'll also have to do your share of the everyday chores.

But you'll be earning the highest pay in Navy history. You'll be traveling. Having

fun. And making friendships that can last a lifetime.

Do you have what it takes to be a success? To be someone special? Check into the new Navy. Get the details on the over 300 interesting jobs in the more than 70 different fields to choose from. Your local Navy Recruiter will supply all the information. Or mail the attached coupon. Or call toll-free 800-841-8000 anytime, day or night.

In today's Navy, travel, training, and pay are only the beginning.



Be a success in the new Navy.

Would you buy life insurance from this young man?

(A lot of people do.)

Vincent R. Mason is a Career Agent in Great Southern's Los Angeles Office. He's chosen a career that affords him the opportunity to serve his clients and help them solve the problems of education, security and retirement with freedom from financial worry. He also has the opportunity of great financial returns.

We're proud of Vincent Mason. We think he's at the beginning of an outstanding career. He's a well-trained, thoroughly competent insurance man.

Perhaps you'd like a career like Vincent's. Why not ask him about it, or write Bill Williams, G.L.U., P. O. Box 1972, Houston, Texas 77001.



GREAT SOUTHERN

Life Insurance Company

HOME OFFICE / HOUSTON TEXAS

A world tour for a fraction of the price



All the things you want to see and do on a perfect vacation are here in Southern California — within easy reach.

You can splash in the ocean — dunebuggy over the desert — bask on the seashore — hike the mountains — all on the same day.

There are more exciting attractions to enjoy than any other place on earth. Rates are unbelievably low — far less than overseas. Everywhere there is endless sunshine to make every day of your vacation count. Take a world tour for a fraction of the price. Come to Southern California.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VISITORS COUNCIL

WRITE FOR YOUR FREE VACATION KIT
ROOM 135, 765 WEST 7TH STREET
LOS ANGELES, CA 90017 OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

ONLY A PRO QUARTERBACK WITH A PH.D IN MATHEMATICS COULD HAVE INVENTED NFL STRATEGY.

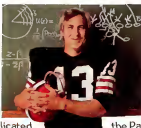
He quarterbacked the Cleveland Browns. Earned his doctorate in math from Rice University. And (on the side) helped create a game called NFL Strategy. His name is Frank Ryan.

NFL Strategy is a game for people who see football as a series of complicated, almost battle-like strategies. But it's also a game that never forgets that games should be fun.

Like any NFL contest, every game of NFL Strategy has a definite number of probabilities. 6,120 different ways a play can turn out. What happens is what would happen during an actual game. If a trap play is up against a blitz, you won't be thrown for a 25 yard loss.

NFL Strategy also has a 34 page Official NFL Playbook. Play cards with 32 offensive plays. Plus 12 defensive cards. And the game is incredibly fast. Because when you insert the offensive and defensive plays in the play slot, you see the various probabilities immediately. Then, with Tudor's probability selector the result of the play is instantly determined. There are no gimmicks. No dice. No lights. No batteries. No wheels of chance.

You also get an automatic clock that advances according to the type



of play you called. So many seconds for a run. So many for a pass. Plus three different field positions. Including strong and weak sides. But what you really get with NFL Strategy is the opportunity to think. To use that defense that could stop

the Packers' power sweep. Or the offense that could score on the Dolphins' zone. NFL Strategy by Tudor Games, Inc. Just like the man who invented it, it's one of a kind.



TUDOR GAMES

A 19¢ BOX OF CRAYONS CAN SAVE YOU FROM MAKING A \$400 MISTAKE ON A COLOR TV.



1.



2.



3.



4.

Get your kid's box of crayons and take out three colors.

Red. Blue. Green.

These are the three colors that make up a color television picture.

If you took microscopic portions of color television screens, blew them up and simplified them, they would look like the diagrams above.

FIRST GENERATION COLOR TV

Color in the circles in the first diagram.

Do not color the background.

You have just simulated the way the first generation of color TVs reproduced a color image. The colors look weak, soft.

This process was around back in 1956. Unfortunately, many color TVs on the market still use it today.

SECOND GENERATION COLOR TV

Using the same three colors, color in the second diagram.

Compare the two.

The circles in the second diagram are much more colorful. Sharper. Clearer.

The reason? The jet black background.

This process is also being used by many manufacturers today. And while

it may be far superior to generation 1, to a color TV expert it's practically ancient.

THIRD GENERATION COLOR TV

Now we come to the modern way of reproducing a color image. Stripes.

Again, do not color in the background.

Notice how much more color you can get into stripes than circles. Even though the total area of the diagrams is equal.

The colors look brighter. More true-to-life.

This system is the newest method of reproducing a color image most manufacturers have.

But it's not the newest. Toshiba has.

TOSHIBA INTRODUCES FOURTH GENERATION COLOR TV

When you color in the fourth diagram, you'll see it has all the advantages of the previous two.

The wealth of color of a stripe.

Plus the sharpness and snap of a black background.

Resulting in the brightest, clearest color television image possible today.

This system was invented by Toshiba. It's called Blackstripe.

We decided to demonstrate its superiority to you the best way possible. By letting you see for yourself.

Toshiba Blackstripe.

If you buy a color TV that doesn't have it, you could be making a \$400 mistake.



Model shown: C-113. Manufacture's suggested retail price: \$309.95. 13" picture screen (not diagonally). Screen size varies depending on type of modules for better performance and eye viewing. Use battery, automatically adjusts color balance, contrast, brightness, contrast and line focus. Matching cover not included.

TOSHIBA
Toshiba America, Inc., 400 First Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011



Far out.

Nearly 200 miles out in the Atlantic off the Newfoundland coast, this huge floating platform is used to drill a wildcat well for Mobil and a partner.

Wildcat. That's a well where nobody's drilled before. It's chancy. The odds for success are about one in 50. It's expensive: this well costs 10 times as much to operate as the average onshore well in our own country.

But it's necessary. The best prospects for new oil and gas reserves are at sea now. Most of the likely places on land in the U.S. have been picked over.

Oil companies have not yet been allowed to drill off the east coast of the United States, even though geologists say the Outer Continental Shelf along our eastern seaboard could hold important energy reserves. So here we are in Canadian waters. We're also working in the North Sea, off Nigeria, and in other places overseas.

Meantime, America badly needs more oil and gas. Given the go-ahead, we might find it right in our own stretch of ocean.

That would be far out.

Mobil



Canon F-1
The most complete camera
system in the world.
Shutter speeds
to 1/2000th sec., 40
interchangeable lenses
and hundreds more
accessories.

Canon. The final step upward.



Canon FTb
Superb capable,
sophisticated, yet
surprisingly simple to use.
Shutter speeds to
1/1000th sec., 40
interchangeable lenses, more.

Canon FD & FL series lenses
for unsurpassed quality.



The finest sports photographs ever taken appear in these pages every week. Pictures produced by skilled photographers whose equipment is more than equal to their imaginations and skills. From Olympic games to major league parks, wherever great sports events occur, Canon cameras, lenses and accessories are there—capturing the action on film with an excitement and vision no other camera can attain.

Write Dept. S-1 for free color brochures on the Canon F-1 and FTb. Or send six dollars for *An Introduction to the Canon F-1*, with 150 pages of stunning color and black photography, plus valuable help for developing your picture-taking technique. Our holiday offer to you.

Canon®

Canon USA, Inc., 10 Nevada Drive, Lake Success, New York 11040

Canon USA, Inc., 697 Fullerton Avenue, Elmhurst, Illinois 60120

Canon Optics & Business Machines Co., Inc., 123 East Pauline Avenue, Costa Mesa, California 92626

Canon Optics & Business Machines Canada, Ltd., Ontario

GIVE ALL YE CAN GIVE.

You can't give more. The all-new Royal Medallion™ is new from the inside out, offering many new "gifts"—more features than ever before offered on an electric portable!

It's a total electric portable, a new dimension in typing, an exciting way of putting words on paper. You must see the Royal Medallion before you commit yourself.

If you must stay within a tight gift budget, your Royal retailer also can show you the famous Apollo (right) that gives you basic electric typing with print-perfect results.

So don't settle for just a fancy

ribbon; see your Royal dealer and give the portable typewriter that is many gifts in one. (Carrying case included). Figure it out for yourself.



Another ultimate Christmas gift is the Royal Digital-S-T™ electronic calculator. Compare its easy-to-read display and its quality of manufacture—backed by Royal's own factory service. Good



things available in the several Royal gift calculators at your store—but not so in all calculators. So don't let low prices mislead you.



ROYAL

When you give a Royal Electric Portable you give more than a fancy ribbon.



Did you know there's a new way your doctor can get immediate advice from specialists?



There's a serious fracture. Your doctor X-rays it. Then, by using RCA Globcom's new Videovoice system, he can quickly transmit the X-ray to an orthopedic specialist for analysis and discussion. By providing this electronic consultation between physicians and specialists, Videovoice can save vital time and travel—and even lives. It's especially valuable in remote areas but it's working in big-city emergencies, too.

It's all done through a standard telephone line. At each end is Videovoice, a compact, desktop unit combining a TV camera, monitor, integrated speaker and microphone. In medical applications, Videovoice transmits X-rays, electrocardiograms and electroencephalograms for diagnosis. It can produce close-ups for detailed inspection. It can print what it shows. And you can tape-record the pictures and conversation for play-back.

Businessmen and technicians can also benefit from Videovoice—for face-to-face discussions of such things as charts, parts and components.

Electronics is creating ingenious new ways to enhance life. And RCA, which helped create the technology itself, is still pioneering the electronic way.

The electronic way

RCA

This may be one answer to America's energy crisis.



It's called resource recovery, or saving what is worth saving from your trash and garbage.

There are hundreds of reclamation centers throughout the United States, in areas where there are enough all-aluminum cans in circulation to make them feasible.

So resource recovery is possible. And the high scrap value of aluminum makes it practical. And the tremendous savings in energy make it even

more practical. Alcoa has the technology to recycle used all-aluminum cans with just 5 percent of the energy it takes to make them the first time.

There's not another beverage packaging material quite like aluminum. Only aluminum has all these things going for it: it's lightweight, chills quickly, keeps things fresh, opens with a snap, has high scrap value and can be recycled repeatedly.

Alcoa is buying back used aluminum

cans that have been collected through reclamation centers in many communities. We are buying them back because aluminum is a very practical packaging material to recycle.

Write for our free brochure on energy and aluminum. We'll also send you information on how one community established the reclamation program. Aluminum Company of America, 819-Z Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15219.

Aluminum:
Pass it on

 **ALCOA**



'Tis not
hard to take.

Neither is it
hard to give.

The Soft Whiskey. Calvert Extra.



The Gold Label Holiday Tradition

The taste of a fine cigar blended with a touch of history.

From the elegant Palma Candela and Panetela Grande to the roguish Swagger and lean Marquis, Gold Label makes the right style and shape for every man who enjoys a fine cigar.

The Gold Label tradition of fine cigars began in 1886, when an adventurous Spanish Don, Ignacio Haya, opened Factory No. 1 in Tampa. Little did he know that his extraordinary gift for selecting and blending the most flavorful of the world's richest cigar tobaccos would soon establish his Gold Label as a standard of excellence among cigar connoisseurs.

This year we commemorate that tradition with a

limited edition of fine china and porcelain replicas that date back to Don Ignacio's heyday. Our American Apothecary Jar filled with Palmas Candela bears the stern visage of an Indian War chief from revolutionary days. And our Liberty Pitcher, depicting a famous War of 1812 naval battle between British and American Men-o-War, is filled with Panetela Grande.

Whether you give him the jar, the pitcher, or a box in elegant holiday wrapping; Gold Label cigars make the perfect gift. You have the makings, this year, for a tradition of your own.



FACTORY NO. 1, TAMPA, FLORIDA

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

PERISH BY THE SWORD

On Monday night football a week ago, the unflappable Howard Cosell was distinctly flapped during a halftime interview with Heavyweight Champion George Foreman when Foreman said on camera, "I like football, but I don't like you. You're a racist." And walked out of the broadcasting booth. It soon developed that Foreman was needing Cosell. Earlier, in a pregame gathering of sportswriters, broadcasters and celebrities, Cosell, a friend of many black athletes, including Foreman, greeted the heavyweight champion in his usual abrasive way. "Hi, you big black —," he said. Everyone in the crowded room laughed. That Howard.

When Foreman joined Cosell for the interview, he decided to respond in kind. Thus the racist comment and abrupt departure that hit Cosell, as the broadcaster himself might say, where he lived. "I was just jivin' around," Foreman explained later. "Of course, it was facetious. Anyone who thinks I was serious never heard athletes talk to each other."

Cosell thought he was serious. Still shaken, he told Milton Berle after the game, "It's the worst thing that's happened to me in my broadcasting life."

MONEY'S WORTH

Texarkana (Ark.) High School decided last spring (SCORECARD, April 23) to pay a \$20,000 salary to lure Coach Swede Lee back from Texas A&M, where he was an assistant. Lee had been a big success at Texarkana before going off to A&M, but the high school's football fortunes plummeted during his absence. A minority of citizens objected to the salary, which was higher than that paid to any other member of the faculty, including the superintendent of schools. Now, however, the returns are in, and the opposition would have a rough time rousing any anti-Lee sentiment. The Arkansas high school had not defeated its state-line rival, Texarkana (Texas), since Lee's last previous year of tenure in 1964. This

year it not only beat the Texas high school, it won 13 straight games and the Arkansas class AAA championship. If that isn't worth \$20,000, what is?

A BLESSING

Honolulu's brand-new 50,000-seat stadium, under construction near Pearl Harbor, is having a hard time defending itself against Mother Earth and unrequited gods. When the state legislature okayed the stadium and work began two years ago, there were hopes that it would be ready for the 1974 Hula Bowl game. But support piles at one end of the site began to sink and the builders had to redo things. That delay took care of the Hula Bowl, and the opening was rescheduled for the first baseball game of the Hawaii Islanders' season next spring. Then last summer a windstorm ripped off metal sections of the partly constructed stands, and the Islanders were advised that their new home would not be ready until next August.

In November, further delays were feared because of more serious difficulties. During ground-breaking ceremonies in 1971, a controversy over the housing of people who had been displaced by the stadium project kept the Rev. Abraham Akaka from giving the traditional Hawaiian blessing. In Hawaii every new building from a gas station to a high-rise office building is blessed in proper Hawaiian style by a man of the cloth to keep the spirits from messing around with construction. "I did not bless the ground at that time," says the Rev. Akaka, "because, as young people say, the vibrations were not right."

Last month a workman fell 80 feet to his death only minutes after another man had his arm broken when he was pinned by a beam. Their fellow workers promptly called a boycott on stadium construction until the site was properly blessed.

"It's a matter of good luck and bad luck to the workers," said a representative of the builders. "The only thing that can turn it around is to get it blessed."

Finally, last week, the Rev. Akaka went back to the stadium site to lift the curse. "The folks have been relocated," he said. "I feel the problem has been resolved. We are now ready to complete the blessing." With that, he sprinkled salt and water from a hallowed Hawaiian koo wood bowl onto the future 50-yard line. The workers returned to the job. Hopefully, Honolulu will have its new stadium by next autumn.

SKI NIBBLING

As cross-country skiing becomes more and more popular, the problem of keeping up strength on long treks becomes more acute. Alpine skiers do not have the same problem; their sport requires skill, grace and coordination, but even the longest downhill run does not last very long and there are always mechanical lifts to take the skier back to the top again. Cross-country skiing, on the other hand, is physically exhausting even for the expert. Because this is so, Randy Fort of the YMCA Community College in Chicago, who teaches a course in cross-country skiing and winter camping, tells his charges that a continuing supply of food is vital. In other words, they must eat early and often. He tells them to car-



ry oatmeal in envelopes, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, M&M candies, heavily salted chicken soup, things like that. "I begin eating lunch shortly after breakfast," Fort says. "The whole idea is to nibble your way along the trail."

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO

The National Hockey League, which generally is quite healthy at the box office, is not as successful on TV, at least not when it goes head to head with bas-

continued

ketball. In an effort to hype interest in the ice telecasts, NHL stars are being readied for drop-in-and-chat appearances on talk shows such as Johnny Carson's, and NBC, the network that telecasts the Sunday afternoon hockey games, has decided to ape the one-on-one competition that pro basketball had on ABC last season (and which was dropped, much to the players' disgust, when CBS took over the telecasts this season). Between periods of the hockey games, top forwards will take shots at top goalies and—well, you know how it works.

NBC has also moved the time of the games forward in an effort to get them on the air before the basketball telecasts. The obvious move for CBS is to start its basketball games (sorry, the NBA's basketball games) even earlier. If NBC responds in kind, pretty soon we will be enjoying big-league sport with the breakfast Granola.

YOUR AVERAGE BIG TEN TEAM

As the argument raged last week over whether Ohio State (with no passing attack) or Michigan (with a second-string passing attack) was "the most representative team" for the Big Ten to send to the Rose Bowl, a bemused Chicagoan suggested the conference turn instead to Northwestern. Not only did Northwestern have the best passing attack in the Big Ten, he argued, it was as representative as a team could get, it finished in a four-way tie for fourth place and thus finished ahead of three teams, behind three teams and in a tie with three teams.

BLUEGRASS DILEMMA

The continuing dilemma of television's impact on sport, both good and bad, came to a head this fall in Kentucky, when it was announced that the University of Kentucky, perennially one of the top college basketball teams in the country, was awaiting a Southeastern Conference O.K. to televise four important road games over a statewide network. The university had signed contracts for the telecasts with TV stations in Lexington, Louisville, Bowling Green, Hazard, Paducah, and Evansville, Ind., and other schools around the state screamed in protest. They said the proposed telecasts would be in direct conflict with 10 Ohio Valley Conference games, two Kentucky Wesleyan home games, and one home

game each of Bellarmine and Transylvania. Because interest in Kentucky's renowned team is always high around the state, the others said the telecasts would have a devastating effect on attendance. Folks in their towns would stay home and watch the Wildcats for free, they argued, instead of coming out to watch the local team.

"This is contrary to guidelines established by the NCAA," Dr. Dero Downing, president of Western Kentucky, told the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. "I hope the local TV station will not carry live games that conflict with our schedule." His athletic director, Johnny Oldham, said, "I wouldn't think you could sell advertising time to local businessmen when Western is playing a home game. I don't think there are any such people living here."

But the general manager of the local TV station said he had many requests for the Kentucky telecasts. He did say he would think the UK games and show them later on tape—if Western Kentucky would let him telecast the conflicting games live. Then, of course, Western Kentucky would be competing with itself.

But that's television.

CLIMBING PRICES

The twin modern curses of higher costs and less service have struck the Matterhorn. The altitude of the famous Swiss peak remains constant as each year more than 3,000 tourists, a third of them women, make the climb to the top. But the number of professional guides that shepherd the climbers has declined in the last 30 years from 180 to 70 as young Swiss men turn to less dangerous and more lucrative professions. Not that hiring a guide is cheap. The Association of Zermatt Mountain Guides recently announced that next year their Matterhorn fee will be \$130, a 57% increase over the current charge of \$70.

Everything is going up.

OWLS

British Columbia is suffering from a plague of—you'll never guess—snowy owls. You think that's nothing? How would you like to be up to jaw hips in owls? The birds, which usually hang around much farther north, have moved south because of bad weather and a lack of lemmings, upon which they normally

feed. The lemmings apparently have been running off to sea, as they do from time to time. Unhappily, the owls face death by starvation or, eventually, disease because of a lack of food in British Columbia. They are not scavengers, and they need live food. But because, oddly for owls, they are diurnal rather than nocturnal hunters, they won't find many mice, their normal substitute for lemmings. Instead, they'll have to make do with an occasional rabbit, pigeon or housecat.

THOSE ARE THE BREAKS

Les Austin, a Miami bar owner, has the misfortune to be able to top a lot of hard-luck-at-the-track stories. Last June, minutes after he claimed Alias Mr. Roth for \$7,500 at Calder Race Course, the colt fell in the second race, fractured a shoulder and had to be destroyed (SCORECARD, June 25). Under the rules, Alias Mr. Roth belonged to Austin from the moment the starting gate opened, although former owners would have collected any purse, and he had to pay for the colt.

Now there has been a rerun. Last week at Calder, Austin claimed La Cima Court for \$3,500. Watching the 5-year-old lead the field in the 10th race, Austin exclaimed, "The only way this horse can lose is to break a leg." Severity yards from the wire La Cima Court fractured both sesamoid bones in his left foreleg. He had to be destroyed, and for the second time in six months Austin was the stunned purchaser of a dead horse.

THEY SAID IT

- Ed Weaver, Ohio State athletic director, asked if it would be fair to inquire how he voted on whether to send Ohio State to the Rose Bowl: "Yes, it would be fair, but it sure would be stupid."
- Ray Fosse, Oakland A's catcher, asked the difference between Cleveland, where he played the previous year, and Oakland, where he cashed a World Series check: "Twenty-four thousand six hundred dollars."
- Bobby Layne, former pro football quarterback, now living in Lubbock, Texas: "Since the fuel shortage we Texans are wearing two-gallon hats."
- Stan Greeson, Harlem Globetrotters president, explaining why he missed a luncheon engagement: "My social schedule was being handled by Duane Thomas."

END

IT'S TIME YOU MOVED INTO A CLIMATE THAT ADJUSTS TO YOU.



GM's Automatic Temperature Control. Set it and forget it.

Yes, you can move into a new GM car with a heating and cooling system that adjusts to you. It's an automatic climate control that monitors and controls to make it just right for you. No need to select whether the unit is heating or cooling. No need to turn it on or off. Just dial your comfort level on the fingertip control. A single setting does it for year-round comfort.

For heating.



Heating is just one big job the automatic temperature control helps handle for you. In winter it even waits until the engine is warm before the blower comes on. No guesswork involved. Just set it like a home thermostat and it'll keep you almost

as comfortable as you are in your own home. The automatic temperature control unit does all the work.

For cooling.



Get what you want out of air conditioning. On a hot day, for instance, the automatic temperature control will help deliver full-power cooling immediately and as long as necessary—right to the level of comfort you've selected. It even adjusts to special situations like bright sunlight coming in the windows. So there'll be no need to adjust hot-and-cold control levers in the summer, either. It's really automatic.

For continuous comfort.

No matter what time of year it is, the automatic temperature control allows the air conditioner to do its part in keeping humidity down—giving you a comfortable climate in all

weather. In fact, there will be times when both the heating and the air conditioning systems will be working together to bring you a precise, constant level of climate comfort you never thought possible.



Electronic sensors are part of the control system. One sensor is located in the passenger compartment to monitor inside air. The other is positioned in the air intake duct and senses outside air temperature.

They detect the changes, and the system then makes even very small adjustments to keep you comfortable, month in, month out. Automatically.

For Chevrolets, Pontiacs and Buicks (it's standard with Cadillac air conditioning).

It's available on full-size and some intermediate-size models of the above lines. This comfort is called Comforton on Chevrolets, Automatic Temperature Control on Pontiacs, and Automatic Climate Control on Buicks and Cadillacs. It's one of the ultimate pleasures in driving today. So, order your new GM car equipped with a climate that adjusts to you.

It's time.

For your comfort by Delco Electronics.



Delco Electronics, Division of General Motors

PO-TENTIAL ALMOST STOLE IT

*Maryland's Lefty Driesell said his
Terps could take UCLA and, aww,
they almost did, striking terror in
Bruin breasts before losing a thriller*
by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

The UCLA of the East, hopefully, was bused once and for all last week out there on the campus of the real thing. Because Maryland—my Maryland, your Maryland, George Beaul's Maryland, Lefty Driesell's Maryland and nobody's UCLA ever again—can now stand up and be counted on its own. Certainly no more phony names and gimmickry for the Terrapins. They earned the right to be saluted on their merits, their talent and especially on the marvelous play of their senior center, Len Elmore (see cover). Saturday night the Terrapins finally dumped the UCLA monkey off their backs and almost beat it to death in the process. Indeed, in their 65-64 loss in the den of the national champions they chilled local partisans to the bone and set the hearts and future hopes of others aflutter everywhere else. In defeat Maryland gained more honor, respect and downright envy than it had in any of its 50 victories over the two years past.

"It ain't got a W after it but I sure am proud," said Driesell, whose feelings were clearly evident as the clock ticked away after Maryland's last chance for victory was ruined by a broken play. When UCLA's Tommy Curtis roared down the floor with the ball and was fouled by Mo Howard at the buzzer, Lefty went to his knees, signaled to the referees that the game was over and then rushed them to make sure Curtis would get no free throws to pad the margin. This was a measure of Driesell's pride. He had just lost the biggest game of his life by one point and he wanted the world to remember it was only by a point.

Earlier, what Maryland had done in astonishing order was fall behind by 9-0 at the beginning of the game, come back to lead 17-15, get its whole team out-rebounded by Bill Walton in the first half

(he had 20) and fall back again by eight points with 3:37 to play in the game after its usual high scorers, Tom McMillen and John Lucas, had missed 18 of 23 shots between them.

Still, behind by 65-57, the Terps proceeded to outcool, outgut and outlast the champions down the stretch; to switch to a zone, hold UCLA scoreless the rest of the way and come within one magnificent, superclutch defensive move—courtesy of the Bruins' Dave (Spider) Meyers, didn't ya just know it?—of stopping the UCLA winning streak of 76 games.

The deciding play was set up after Maryland's stellar floor leader, Lucas, first missed a whirling dervish over Walton with less than two minutes remaining, only to come right back, steal a wild UCLA pass at midcourt and race in for a layup that made the score 65-64. Now UCLA froze the ball, but with 22 seconds left Howard fouled Richard Washington, even as Bruin Coach John Wooden stood at midcourt and shouted at his players to keep the ball away from Washington.

The tall freshman, who was in the game only because senior Keith Wilkes had fouled out, missed on the one-and-one and Maryland culled time. Driesell's plan was to try to get the ball to McMillen down low with Elmore drawing Walton away by moving high off the key, a vantage point from which he had been scoring all evening. Lucas was to control the action and take the shot himself if nobody was open. But as Lucas darted for the baseline with seconds left,

UCLA's 6'8" Meyers sprang from behind McMillen, encountered Lucas and knocked the ball away from him as he went up for the shot. Not finished, Meyers saved the ball from going out of bounds, then slapped it—and, in effect, the game—out of danger to Curtis.

"This wasn't any Texas A&Ms or Citadels out there," said the relieved Curtis afterward. "They are awfully tough."

Maryland excelled on defense. The UCLA players attributed their 34% shooting to "too much adrenaline," but Wooden acknowledged that the Terp defense had most of the answers. McMillen and Tom Roy held the shorter Wilkes to four baskets. Lucas stopped Curtis with five. Elmore overplayed Walton on the left side of the lane, prohibiting his favorite turnaround bank shot and forcing him to drive the middle into heavy traffic where he had to go to his hook. He missed 15 of 23 shots. In all, Wilkes, Curtis and Walton missed 40 of 57, easily the worst shooting performances of their careers.

Though Walton finished with 18 points and 27 rebounds, Elmore (with 19 and 14) was all over him in the second half. Maryland outshot the Bruins, outrebounded them and scored two more baskets. They needed three more. "I couldn't get a hot streak," McMillen said. "My hands, I don't know, my hands just didn't get comfortable."

The confrontation never was meant to be comfortable. As anyone down range from the Terrapin publicity tank guns knows, this was the climax of a kind of manufactured antipathy bristling be-

continued

Forced by McMillen and Elmore away from his good bank shot, Walton tries a driving hook.





Normally an under-the-basket shooter, Elmore went outside to gun over a manning Walton.

PO-TENTIAL *continued*

tween Maryland and UCLA for some time now. Undoubtedly it stemmed from Driesell's infamous "UCLA of the East" proclamation, made upon taking the head coaching job at Maryland four years ago. Subsequently, it has seemed, Lefty tried the line once every hour or so, but in truth the real culprit was the media, which took the quote and strangled it almost to death, using it to haunt Driesell and mock him.

When he arrived in Los Angeles, in fact, Driesell was immediately obliged to straighten everybody out by insisting he never said Maryland was the "UCLA of the East" but only that his team had the "po-tential" (Lefty accents the first syllable here, as in "po' boy") to be that. This explanation was accepted at face value until minutes later when, in answer to a question about the potential of this year's team, Lefty claimed, "Aww, I don't even know what the word po-tential means." Right then the man from *The Washington Post* agreed that Lefty had the po-tential to be another Ron Ziegler.

Driesell also attempted to out-Wooden Wooden in his underplaying of the importance of the contest, but nobody was swallowing that either. Lefty had

been waiting on this one for a long, long time.

The preparation may have started on the night last March when, after losing to Providence in the Eastern Regionals, he sat in a motel room and told McMillen, "Let's forget this. Our next game is UCLA." Maybe it began a year before that, when Maryland won the NIT and Driesell knew he had a team that could go head to head with the Bruins. Perhaps his anticipation even started two years before that when Lefty upstaged the entire 1970 NCAA finals right outside his office door in College Park by introducing to a screaming campus his prize recruits, Elmore and Jap Trimble from New York's Power Memorial High, the very school that had given Lew Alcindor to UCLA. It was finally probable that Driesell had been ready for last week's game since the 12th day of never.

Lefty watched UCLA films over and over this summer, questioned coaches about the Bruins and pored over Wooden's books and articles. Last Tuesday, as he started to leave the office at two a.m., an assistant coach told Driesell that only 100 hours remained before the UCLA game. Lefty stayed to work some more.

Moreover, the Maryland-UCLA thing was carried along by the parallel careers of McMillen and Walton, who have been far-off competitors ever since their lives were intertwined and brought to public attention on wings of song.

It has been, as McMillen says, a "nebulous rivalry," but a rivalry nonetheless, and it started when the two were precocious basketball lads and high school honor students at Munsfield, Pa. and La Mesa, Calif. The best big men in the East and West, back then. Compared and commented on; who was the best? One to Maryland. The other to UCLA. Naturally, fabulous freshmen.

In the years since, while Walton has come to rule the sport, all McMillen has done is become an All-America on one of the better teams in the land, win an Olympic team berth and an NIT MVP trophy and, off the court, become a Rhodes scholar applicant and a participant in so many government-related activities his teammates call him "the Senator."

To his basketball public it has not been enough and last week the Maryland student newspaper, *The Diamondback*, acknowledged the general feeling by writing in an otherwise sympathetic story that "many people here feel Tom McMillen has cheated them. They expected him to dominate the college game and he hasn't."

It is obvious that while McMillen judges his play as harshly as anyone, he is resentful of the expectations of others as well as the comparisons with Walton. "I didn't write all the publicity," he said the day before their big meeting. "This game isn't a personal crusade I've never met Walton and it's obvious he's too team-oriented to care about individual duels. Besides, he won't even guard me; he'll be on Elmore. We've seen enough film to know how great he is. But I know what I can do, too. I'm just glad we're playing now when we're seniors. We wouldn't have been so sure of ourselves as sophomores."

Tiny swirls of controversy preceded the game much of the week. There was a prank rumor circulated around Washington and Baltimore that McMillen had broken his leg. Word filtered through Los Angeles that UCLA was out to get the Terrapins and Wooden would pour it on

if he could. Driesell did his part. He said that originally the game was supposed to be the home opener for both teams but that UCLA had "slipped in" Arkansas on the schedule for the night before. J. D. Morgan, the UCLA athletic director, said Arkansas had been scheduled before Maryland. The only solution was to subpoena the tapes.

Just before a press luncheon on Friday, Driesell and Wooden stood together in Pauley Pavilion and stared at the ceiling where all the UCLA championship banners hang. Driesell said, "You got nine of those things, coach. I'd give up an arm to have just one." Wooden did not ask which arm.

Later Driesell assured everyone that UCLA basketball was the "eighth wonder of the world" but that Maryland was there to run, to win and to break the streak. "You don't have to worry about us holding the ball and slowing it down," he said. Then he looked out over the crowd and saw Greg Lee and Keith Wilkes laughing. "Aww, come on," said Lefty, "you guys aren't worried anyway."

That afternoon McMillen sat in his motel room across Sunset Boulevard from the Bel Air Sands where UCLA stays on home-game weekends and talked about the "strange atmosphere" and the sense that this was a "climactic moment" in his life. "If I didn't slap myself in the face I'd swear it was March and the NCAA finals," he said. "I wake up from dreams about UCLA."

Among the Bruins across the way, Lee said he felt "exhilaration" by finally being able to play Maryland. "It's a fantastic feeling to get at somebody good and realize you have to play well to win. We remember as freshmen when everyone said McMillen was the best ever. That wasn't his fault, but Bill remembers, too. They are about to find out about each other."

What Walton and McMillen found out was that their skills are vastly dissimilar and that neither was up to the task of playing his best in this ultimate competition. Walton did wind up guarding McMillen some, notably the first two times the Maryland player attempted to go inside to the hoop. On both occasions the redhead put the ball back in the Sena-

tor's teeth. Minutes later, when Elmore blocked one of Walton's own shots, the UCLA center congratulated him with "nice goaltend." It was not a violation, just Walton's peculiar way of warning that the battle had been joined.

All of this came during the first 6:18 of the game when Maryland was unable to score a field goal. Walton was blasting away everything the Terps threw up or catching everything they missed. It was a horror show of major proportions that continued throughout the half as Maryland got only two baskets inside and three offensive rebounds.

Walton's inhospitable attitude did not keep Elmore from later admitting his own substantial awe. "They can say what they want about the rest of this outfit and the alumni too. Big Red is the baddest

dude anywhere. I blocked him out, used muscle, did my best. He keeps coming. He's so much better than I thought. But we proved that when he has a human night, they're in trouble."

Possibly the Terrapins proved more than that to themselves. On the last heart-breaking play that could have put Maryland in the record books, the mass of his basketball life swept through Len Elmore's mind. He swiped at the loose ball hopelessly, looked up at the clock, then threw his arms down in despair. "All I could think of was next time, next time," he said. "I feel sorry for the rest of the teams that have to play us because we are going to win big and get another shot at these guys."

As Lefty would say, the *po-tential* is certainly there.

END



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGG & LONG

Superb floorman Larena stole a pass to bring the Terps within a point as Meyers looked on.

In the rotunda of Cleveland's City Hall one day last week the Australian Davis Cup team—John Newcombe, Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, Mal Anderson and nonplaying Captain Neale Fraser—was an impressive sight. The five men were decked out in yellow sports jackets, each decorated on the breast pocket with their country's coat of arms, which from the back row of the audience seemed to be a kangaroo and an emu rampant on a tennis court. Here they were, in all their splendor, back in the States determined to take possession of what every Aussie from Brisbane to Blackburn, from the scrummiest outback shack to the Sydney Opera House, considers to be his birthright, the Davis Cup.

The American men had jackets and crests, too, and they were not at all in agreement with the Aussies as to where the cup belonged. This was pretty much the same group, led by Stan Smith, ranked No. 1 in the world, that had withstood the horrors of Bucharest in 1972 and kept Rumania from taking the cup that has been in U.S. clutches since 1968. However, Cleveland was to have horrors of a different sort. As Smith pointed out, "The only condition against us here is pure talent."

On closer inspection the Aussie coat of arms turned out to feature a kangaroo and an emu all right, but they were merely posing against a colorful shield. The rampant-on-a-tennis-court part came later, on Friday and Saturday. Newcombe beat Smith in a marvelous five-setter, Laver beat Tom Gorman in another five sets and the new doubles team of Newcombe-Laver annihilated Smith and Erik van Dillen in three straight sets. Ken Rosewall, at 39 still one of the finest players in the world, had not lifted a racket in anger, yet the Aussies had an unbeatable 3-0 lead and the Davis Cup was as good as locked up tight in the vault of the Bank of New South Wales in Melbourne.

The Aussies celebrated Saturday night with a bathtubful of Foster's Lager sent them by the Australian ambassador. Then on Sunday afternoon Newcombe drubbed Goeman in straight sets 6-2, 6-1, 6-3 and Laver completed the carnage by beating Smith 6-3, 6-4, 3-6, 6-2. Final score: Australia 5, U.S. 0.

The rout was appreciated almost instantly Down Under, too, because it was sent live to more than 50 TV stations there via satellite, in black and white be-

AMERICA WENT WAY DOWN UNDER

Australia's John Newcombe and Rod Laver performed precision surgery on the U.S., cutting loose the treasured Davis Cup **by JOE JARES**

cause Australia does not have color yet. When the matches started each day at 2 p.m. Cleveland time, it was 5 a.m. the following day in Australia, summer rather than winter, and it is a safe presumption that thousands and perhaps even hundreds of thousands of sleepy-eyed Aussies were tuned in for the first serve each session.

The results for the U.S. were abysmal, and the attendance was nearly as bad. Cleveland Public Hall seats 5,984 people, but only about 3,000 showed up for the first singles matches Friday afternoon and between 4,000 and 5,000 on Saturday for the doubles. Yet it was in this same metropolis that lawyer Bob Malaga earned his reputation as America's hottest tennis promoter, the magician who somehow got more than 20,000 people to turn out in three days in 1970 to see the U.S. play a challenge round

against West Germany's Wilhelm Bungert and Christian Kuhnke. Or was it Wilhelm Kuhnke and Christian Bungert? Wightman Cup matches (U.S. women vs. British women) averaged 6,000 a day in Cleveland just two years ago.

The excuses given last week were many and varied. Malaga's last nine productions were held outdoors in Clark Stadium and the fans just did not want to watch tennis indoors. It was the holiday season and Clevelanders do not like to leave their firesides except to go to Browns games or do some Christmas shopping at Hybee's. The matches were held during the day instead of at night (Malaga said he had wanted them at night but was overruled). Some people on the east side of town were able to get around the local blackout and get the U.S. telecast via cable (Malaga said he had not wanted TV at all). And, of



course, there were other possible excuses: the lack of publicity in Ohio, the fuel shortage and the high price of yak butter in Tibet.

Whatever the reasons, there were too few people in the seats and those who were there must have thought they were at a high tea waiting politely for the scones to be served. This was especially true Saturday, with the U.S. down 2-0 and hanging from the edge of a cliff by its fingernails. Only one team, Australia in 1939 (Adrian Quist and John Bromwich), had ever been behind 2-0 in a final round and fought back to win—it happened to be against the U.S., led by Bobby Riggs and Frank Parker.

But one fan—a friend of U.S. captain Dennis Ralston—decided to get some enthusiasm going. He organized a group of high school kids and led cheers and chants through the doubles match: "Go U.S., beat the Aussies," or, because Van Dillen and Smith are both out of USC, "Go, Trojans, go." Occasionally a few other customers would join in, but their jaws hung most of the time as Newcombe and Laver left them precious little to cheer about.

There were no real surprises at the draw in City Hall preceding the matches. Ralston picked Gorman over Marty Riessen for the singles because he felt

Gorman, although not as steady, could raise the level of his game higher at times of pressure. Fraser announced he was keeping his doubles team a deep secret until the legal deadline, one hour before match time, and he put up Newcombe and Laver in the singles.

"We've come to take the cup back to Australia," Fraser said. "I don't think the U.S. will play as well as our fellows. When you see a man like Ken Rosewall on the bench in singles, you know what kind of team we've got."

The Smith-Newcombe match turned out to be three hours and one minute of the finest tennis anyone had seen since Newcombe defeated Jan Kodes of Czechoslovakia this year in the Forest Hills final. The fast Sportface surface, the very same one used in the Billie Jean King-Bobby Riggs carnival in the Astro-dome, suited both players.

Smith got off to his typical slow start and lost the first set 6-1. Newcombe, well known for his powerful forehand, was playing as if he had had a backhand transplant from Rosewall, continually surprising Smith with zippy backhand cross-court shots. Newk's serve was deadly, too; Smith earned just four points off it in that first set. Then Smith came back to win the second set but dropped the third and went off to the locker room at intermission down 2-1.

In the fourth game of the fourth set there came the kind of break that can turn a match or even a whole Davis Cup meeting around. At break point on Newk's serve, Smith hit a backhand return of serve off the wood. The ball popped up over the oncharging Newcombe's head and landed in the far right corner of the court. Smith looked over at Ralston on the sideline and could barely suppress a smile under his blood mustache. He went on to win the set and seemed a good bet to take the fifth.

But Newk, who was upset a few weeks earlier in a match against the Czechs, hung on. He was broken in the third game but broke back in the sixth. Both men were playing superbly. Smith fought off four break points in the eighth game and then, trailing 5-4 and having a second match point against him, double-faulted. It was like seeing two milers run their guts out, approach the tape in a dead heat, and one of them trips.

"I gambled with the second serve and as it turned out it was a bad gamble," said Smith. "That same serve worked earlier. John was over in the alley and I thought I could get it in. It missed by a few inches but that was enough." The final score was 6-1, 3-6, 6-3, 3-6, 6-4.

"Newk played awfully strong, solid tennis, the best I've seen him play, I think," said Smith, "and yet I came within an inch of winning."

For a while it appeared that Gorman might even the count against Laver, winning the first set 10-8 and leaving at the intermission with a 2-1 advantage. But in the last two sets Laver, eight years older—and many years wiser—took more time with his serve, at Fraser's suggestion, and made the Irishman look tired and helpless, a droplet of sweat glistening and dripping at the end of his nose each time he paused and even the leaves of the shamrock stenciled on his racket strings seeming to droop. Laver won 8-10, 8-6, 6-8, 6-3, 6-1.

Fraser's dark secret was revealed the next day. Everybody, including Ralston, had assumed the Aussies would play Rosewall in the doubles, especially since Laver had played that tiring five-setter the evening before. No, Fraser named Laver and Newcombe who had played together only twice. If Rosewall was seething over having been stuck on the bench in his yellow jacket, he kept it to himself.

The surprise element probably meant little, but Fraser's picks certainly made him look good. Van Dillen made him look even better. The slender 22-year-old Davis Cup veteran, who had punched dozens of brilliant, lightning-quick volleys against the Romanians in Bucharest and who had helped Smith fight back from two sets down against the Chileans in Little Rock, was out-and-out lousy this day. His ground strokes were poor and he only occasionally showed his superb volleying. Was his sore shoulder of the previous day a factor?

"It made no difference at all," he said. "I think if I had had eight arms we might not have won." And later: "You get out there and find it's tough that your best shots are coming back at you better than they left."

The Aussies romped 6-1, 6-2, 6-4, and as the dejected Smith walked off the court to shake hands with his captain, he said, "Well, it looks like we go to Australia next year."

After the doubles clincher, Captain Fraser with his three darlings: John, Rod and a little Aussie



LESSONS FROM THE OLD MASTERS

Opposing one another in a WHA game for the first time, NHL idols Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull skated to a standoff but, in a display of supreme talent, showed the iceniks how hockey is played **by MARK MULVOY**

Mark Howe of the Houston Aeros chased the puck into the corner of the rink, tailed closely by Winnipeg's Jean-Guy Gratton, who was tailed by Gordie Howe, who in turn was tailed by Christian Bordeleau. End of parade. Remembering the unheroic Bordeleau from his days in the National Hockey League, Gordie Howe automatically raised his right elbow and menacingly waved it at Bordeleau's face. As Howe expected, Bordeleau got the message and suddenly peeled away in another direction. Then Gratton, who had never had to reckon with Howe in the NHL, picked that moment to rub his own right elbow into Mark Howe's face and jab his left elbow into Mark's ribs. Splat! Mark's old man slammed Gratton into the boards, lathered his cheeks with a double dosage of elbows and fists and left him feeling like someone who had been run over by the

5:42 express. Across the ice Gratton's coach calmly nodded his head and smiled slightly. "I see that ol' Gordie hasn't mellowed a bit," said Bobby Hull. "Of course, I knew he'd never change his style. Why should he?"

For those NHL owners who still wonder what happened to their league's greatest scorers, there they were in Houston last week as ol' Gordie, 45, and young Bobby, 34 going on 43 and winger as well as coach, collided for the first time in the World Hockey Association and showed 8,137 noisy Texans how the game should be played. They both worked extra-long regular shifts, killed penalties and played the point on the power play, frequently befuddling their younger mates with their moves. At one point Howe, normally a right-handed shot, confused Winnipeg goaltender Joe Daley by deftly switching the position of his hands on his stick and

firing a hard forehand shot from his left side. Fortunately for Daley, the puck just missed the corner of the net. Another time, Hull gave Houston Defenseman Bill Prentice so many fakes—a leg here and a hip there, a shoulder here and an eye there—that Prentice actually fell down as Hull went around him. Fortunately for Prentice, Hull's slapshot also missed.

Howe spurred Houston to a 3-1 lead after two periods, prompting Coach Hull to lash his players verbally in the dressing room before the start of the third. What Hull said must have instilled fear in the Jers, for they stormed back, scored three quick goals and took a 4-3 lead. However, Howe sent the crowd—Houston's largest of the season but still some 1,200 short of capacity—home at least moderately happy with a 4-4 tie by cleverly setting up Frank Hughes for the tying goal with only 47 seconds to play in regulation time.

"Gordie played like he was a little kid again, didn't he?" Hull said after the game. "Let's face it. He wasn't very happy around Detroit the last five years, and now he has a whole new life ahead of him. He deserves it, too."

Howe's decision to abandon retirement, resign his position as vice-president of the Detroit Red Wings in charge of counting paper clips and jump to the WHA after spending 27 years in the NHL was prompted by several factors. "I always said that someday I wanted to play on the same team with my two oldest sons," Gordie said, "but there was no way I could ever do that in the NHL." So, in a major coup, Houston signed 19-year-old Marty Howe, a defenseman, and his 18-year-old brother Mark, a left wing, last summer and then convinced their old man to play with them for at least one season.

Now Gordie plays on the same line with Mark while Marty takes a regular turn on defense. Although the three Howes occasionally are on the ice simultaneously, so far no public-address an-

Player-coach Hull lashed the lagging Winnipeg Jets into a rally and temporary lead.



nouncer has had to say: "Houston goal scored by Howe assisted by Howe and Howe." Marty and Mark pay \$30 apiece each week for room and board at the Howe family's new \$200,000 home in the Houston suburbs, but they may be evicted soon if they don't stop harassing their father. Mark reminded Gordie last week that Mark—not Gordie—was the season's leading goal scorer in the family (six to five at the time) and said he planned to ask Coach Bill Dineen for "a right wing with some scoring power." Marty even had the audacity to criticize his father for making a bad pass on the ice. "Fire the puck when you're passing, don't lob it," Marty said.

As part of his agreement with the Aeros, Howe will move into the front office when he ultimately decides to retire again as a player. "It won't be like Detroit," he says firmly. "I'll be doing something here. They think I can help them, that I know something about the game. I thought I could have helped the Red Wings too, but they didn't need help, I guess."

"A few days after I signed with Houston, Ned Harkness [Red Wing general manager] called me and asked what I planned to do with our home in Detroit. I told him we were going to rent it out, and he asked me if I'd like to rent it to Ted Garvin, the new coach of the Red Wings. Imagine that? All I said to Harkness was that I wanted to rent the house to someone who had some job security. The Wings had hired and fired five coaches in four years, and I sure didn't figure Garvin would last very long. What did he last? About a dozen games, that's all."

Like Hull, Howe's great leap also was partly motivated by financial considerations. The Aeros reportedly have guaranteed Gordie \$1 million over the four years of his contract. Marty and Mark also signed four-year contracts with the Aeros for a combined \$1 million. "We sometimes call ourselves the Howeston Aeros," says Jim Smith, the club's young president. "No matter. Signing Gordie absolutely ensured the franchise."

Howe has worked overtime to promote the Aeros, speaking to a different group practically every day. "That's what I had to do last year," Hull says, "and it aged me about four years. Let's see. Add on the five years that I lost in Chicago and that makes me, what, 43? Well, that's how old I feel at times." Hull was in an angry mood when he



The graying Howe administered an elbow massage and set up the Houston Aeros' living goal.

arrived at the rink two hours before the Houston game. His Jets were burned in fourth place, they had lost in overtime the night before in Los Angeles and, worse yet, Bobby's stomach was in turmoil. No wonder. There was no steak on the menu at his hotel, so Hull had a pre-game meal of cold soup, half a dozen hard rolls, some greasy french fries and a sour-smelling chicken salad sandwich.

"I'm just learning how tough it is to be a coach," Hull said. "Now I know what it was like for Billy Reay when I was with the Black Hawks. I'm fighting with myself. I can't get as tough with the players as I'd like. I'm treating them the way I'd like to be treated and, well, it isn't working. We're playing terrible hockey."

What bothers Hull more than that, though, is the terrible complacency that seems to have invaded hockey. "It's in

both leagues, not just the WHA," he said. "Last year all our players had to prove themselves. Most of them were minor-leaguers getting their first real chance to play major league hockey, and they worked like crazy. Now they've renegotiated their contracts after having one good season and, well, there's no incentive left. Or at least there doesn't seem to be anything driving the players anymore. Don't blame the players, though. It's the owners' fault in most cases. They created the mess, let them live with it."

Neither Hull nor Howe displayed any lack of incentive later that night, however, and after the game they were slumped on benches in their respective dressing rooms for half an hour.

"Hull wants to know what your EKG reads," someone said to Howe.

"Tell him," replied Howe wearily, "that I'm going to have twins." **END**

The glorious jacaranda trees bloomed across the land in the days just before Bob Foster and Arthur Ashe arrived to compete in South Africa last month. The jacarandas are a wonderful purple, tall and festive, and they parade across the southern spring, so that for a brief time in this bizarre place color is the joy that God meant it to be.

Otherwise, of course, color is the plague of the country, where *apartheid* is the law, and, more or less, the invidious answer to all things. Like Scott Fitzgerald's very rich, the South Africans are different from you and me. All peoples of the earth are quick to boast that they are uncommonly sports-minded, but the South Africans truly are exceptionally sports-minded. After all, since the black and so-called "Colored" perform all the drudgery, the whites have more time to play. Besides, in a land ruled by King Canute's philosophical heirs, there is yet no TV. So play on. Per capita, Johannesburg has more swimming pools than Los Angeles and, surely, more tennis courts than anywhere. South Africa also has about the highest divorce rate in the world. Idle hands are the devil's workshop. Or, as Arthur Ashe puts it, "Sports

is the Achilles' heel of South Africa."

Ashe's declaration may sound presumptuous—that any country could really be vulnerable to silly games—but considering the way South Africans prattle on about their teams and the injustices done them, it may well be that he has chanced upon the underbelly. Maybe history will indeed show that his and Foster's visits affected policy, either by greasing the skids for *apartheid*, or by giving a patina of respectability to a government that, outside of Rhodesia, cannot otherwise obtain support for its principles.

In any event, the official acceptance of the two black heroes was made in the full understanding that one was almost certain to beat up unmercifully on a white man's skull as thousands of blacks looked on most agreeably, while the other had already introduced the rather uncomfortable suggestion that an H-bomb should be dropped on Jo'burg. It surely was one of the single most vital political decisions in the realm of sports ever made by a government. The dual play coming off without incident—Ashe reached the finals of the South African Open and Foster retained his light-heavyweight title without enraging Afrikaners in the

continued



Ashe served before mostly segregated stands, then gave instructions and heart to the blacks as Fourie, surrounded by jacarandas, trained for the championship but he would soon lose to Foster.



LULL BENEATH THE JACARANDA TREE

For a brief moment the clouds of prejudice parted and South Africa gloried in color as Arthur Ashe almost won a tennis tournament and light-heavyweight titleholder Bob Foster outpointed Pierre Fourie

by FRANK DEFORD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERTY GRAMMAN



outback—may even have affected the ultimate course of the nation. The one man responsible for the athletes' presence, a hawk-nosed Rhodes scholar named Pieter Koorhof, Minister of Mines, Immigration, Sports and Recreation, put his career on the line. That he passed the test now makes it all the more likely that he will emerge as the successor to Prime Minister John Vorster.

Ashe met (negotiated?) twice with Koorhof, and after the second tête-à-tête the words "inhuman" and "abhorrent" suddenly disappeared from Ashe's departing statement. Presumably some kind of price was paid for their inoperativeness. Similarly Koorhof turned a blind eye when the tennis promoter, Owen Williams, a man as decent as he is capable, had tickets in all sections quietly handed out to blacks so that Ellis Park could be completely, if only technically, integrated. For his part, Ashe accepted this on good faith and did not protest the continued existence of a nonwhite section. Even the seating distinctions at the fight were somewhat diminished too, in that blacks could buy tickets in all price categories and there were no physical separations in the reserved sections.

"There is a concept in economics called comparative advantage," Ashe declared wryly at one point, "when two nations will trade with each other if they both believe they can gain. Now, I know the government is using me, but I'm using it, too."

Foster, as befits an uncomplicated family man with five children who works full-time as a \$720-a-month sergeant in the sheriff's office back home in Albuquerque, N. Mex., dealt in somewhat less lofty terms. He elaborated: "My manager said, 'We're getting two hundred thousands dollars.' I said, 'Let's go.' I get my two hundred thousand, do my job, and get out of here." That petty summation, delivered in advance of the bout, suffices as a postmortem for his 13th title defense. Before 42,000 fans, contributing the richest share in the division's history, \$474,000, Foster beat on his white pay envelope named Pierre Fourie (pronounced Peery Fur-EE) just as he had cashed in on the same poor bloke last August in Albuquerque.

This time, though, Foster too often failed to accept opportunities that his long left leads gave him. "I just couldn't get nothing going together," he said afterward, while graciously volunteering

that Fourie was the better fighter, save for his own considerable height advantage. The decision was clear-cut enough, but it did take a strong last three rounds from Foster, and his best tiltout of the evening did not come until late in the 14th round when he caught Fourie with two quick rights and then a telling left.

In the middle going, Fourie had been able to duck under the taller man's left to score regularly with his hooks. He is a limited puncher though, a middleweight proving the Peter Principle, and the anxious white fans were never seriously teased with false hopes. From the time the South African national anthem was played—when all the whites stood and sang *The Call of South Africa* while all the blacks sat—there was no great effort in discerning who was for whom. Yet it was a rather docile crowd gathered under the starless sky that watched a black man and a white man knock each other about in their mutual sweat—and even in a little bit of the white man's blood.

Foster's fight was restricted to the ring, however, and his unconcern for "politics" led to an increasing disaffection with members of his own race. "Foster stinks," snapped a councilman of Soweto, that hideous squalid urban reservation where the million blacks who service Johannesburg are sequestered. Others murmured an ominous agreement. "We don't want his kind back. Foster is nothing but a kaffer," a Colored salesman said, employing the ultimate insult, the hated indigenous equivalent for "nigger." Blacks had welcomed Foster as "Lost Tribe" in the euphoric days when he first arrived, but by the end of his stay the most charitable assessment of the educated black community was: Well, what could you expect from a bloody cop?

By contrast, Ashe grew in stature with a population that had been generally ignorant of his sport. After he gave a clinic on one of his visits to Soweto, the people chanted him *Sipho* ("A Gift"), draped an amulet around his neck and sounded off three cheers for him. A Colored poet named Don Matena wrote *Angels and Spirits—Ashe*. It begins:

I listened deeply when you spoke
About the step-by-step evolution
Of a gradual harvest,
Tendered by the rains of tolerance
And patience.
Your youthful face,
A mask,
Hiding a pining, anguished spirit,

And I loved you brother—
Not for your quiet philosophy
But for the rage in your soul,
Trained to be rebuked or summoned...

Purposely, Ashe solicited every possible view, even chartering a plane to meet with Zulu Chief Gatsha Buthelez in the bush. Bad weather forced him back, but he met Alan Paton, members of the government, the opposition, all races, clergy, journalists, businessmen, sports figures and, in Cape Town, in something like a mad Fellini parody, the infinitely-publicized man who is, for good reasons, recognized as "The South African Jackie Kennedy."

Smiling and immaculate, the charming Dr. Christiaan Barnard greeted Ashe at the entrance to a multi-racial children's hospital. Barnard led Ashe, his party and a herd of pressmen about the wards, steering the thundering ensemble as if he were some beachfront real-estate salesman. "Ah, here's one just operated on this very morning. See the incision . . . ? And now this little fellow over here, I've had all the blood out of him for 40 minutes. . . . Oh, one with a hole in his heart? Yes, of course. Come right this way."

More privately, Barnard volunteered to Ashe that he was not in favor of one-man, one-vote. It was a rare honest admission in a land where 99% of the legislature supports *apartheid* and 99% of the voters that Ashe met assured him that their politics lay, oh, about midway between Wayne Morse and Huey Newton. *Apartheid* is a much more subtle piece of business than what the world sees of it in those interminable photographs of "Black" and "White" rest-room signs that suggest South Africa is nothing but a nation of public toilets. The Afrikaners govern and are the easy villains, but the English speak with forked tongue. They own the place.

It was not the whites but, oddly, some blacks who resented Ashe, who told him he should not even have come. Once, in Soweto, he was ringed by such a hostile student minority that a look of genuine concern suddenly crossed his face. "There is an hypothesis," says Cliff Drysdale, the sensitive South African player, "that all this must end in violence. If you accept that, then Arthur's visit, Foster's, any dealings with this government, only prolong that agony."

But this springtime the moderates ruled, and in this land of ambiguity the whites greeted the black stars with a

continued



TRUE
FILTER CIGARETTES



LATEST U.S. GOVERNMENT TESTS:
12 MGS. TAR, 0.7 MGS. NICOTINE

TRUE

It's the thought behind the gift that counts.
True is the low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73

© Lorillard 1973

Jack Nicklaus. Slacks put color on the course

They put a lot of comfort into your leisure life, too. Because Hart Schaffner & Marx tailors Jack's slacks in easy-going fabrics. 100% polyester double-knits for easy wear and easy care. Choose from a great gallery of patterns and swinging solid colors. Pair them with a sport coat or with a shirt or sweater. For color and comfort, they're sure winners.



HART SCHAFFNER & MARX 

36 South Franklin Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606 © 1973

warmth that was almost eerie. "Don't ask me to explain human inconsistencies," Ashe said, "but I have seen with my eyes that this place is not a lost cause. I have seen that there is a hope that a better future lies with the young people."

The response to him on the courts was a groundswell, rising as he passed on to the finals. A tournament record of almost 100,000 people who paid a quarter of a million dollars seemed nearly all for Ashe, even when he beat the popular Drysdale in the semis, and especially in the previous round when he thrashed the more typical South African, Bob Hewitt, a man who previously had informed Ashe that all South African blacks were "happy."

But in the finals, with fans packed about the courts and clamoring above billboards, the *Wanderlind*, Jimmy Connors, dispatched Ashe and history in three straight sets. In the semis, Connors had routed Tom Okker with the best tennis. Okker said, that a man had ever played against him, and while Connors was not quite so consummate in the final, Ashe's serve deserted him much too often for him to keep up with this infectious young player who may very soon become the best in the world.

Ashe did have a set point at 6-5 in the second set, but Connors saved that with a lined backhand cross-court, and then promptly crushed Ashe in the tie breaker, squeezing a sigh from the whole place. The final, perfunctory set was played before a genuinely saddened audience, nearly in silence.

For Foster, his fans—indigent blacks for the most part—would crowd around his hotel and press up against the glass doors, but on his visits to the lobby the champ would deny them any acknowledgment, much less a smile they could cherish. Mostly, he elected to hole up in his suite, buffered by his obese brain trust, Lou Viscusi, his cheerful manager ("Mister Lou"), the classic old-time pop belly with matching big, fat cigar: Bob Goodman, PR man, nearly spherical and pink, suggesting a child's bouncing ball; Maurice Towel, the promoter, crippled since his infancy, heavy-chested and swarthy, running the show from the side of Foster's bed, squatting there like some giant frog on a lily pad.

In the midst of this rotundity, Foster, shaped like a string pulled tight, grouched and grumbled except when the subject of his \$200,000 was advanced. Apparently,

he would spar with the angel Lucifer in the fires of hell if sufficient front funds could be placed in Mister Lou's escrow account. Foster's major revenues have come by serving as fodder for sundry heavyweights, and he has been required to defend his title for walking-around money in places such as Tampa and Scranton. It is no wonder that for him Jo'burg was just, as they say, a date.

Displaying his sheriff's black leather gloves with the pebbled lead knuckles, he offered his views on South Africa. Well, the food was real good. "I don't know how they treat others around here," he explained. "That's not my business. They treat me like a king."

A few blocks away a man very nearly Foster's age and shade stood in the lobby of a building. He could not go up the stairs to attend a meeting he had organized for Ashe and some black journalists because he had just that day been "banned." That means he cannot be with more than one person at a time. He cannot play doubles in tennis, or play bridge, or go to a college or a library, or leave town, or publish a thought. Effectively, a man who is banned is no longer viable—which is precisely the intention. And it is neat: no trial, no explanation.

"It is amazing how few people realize what South Africa really is," Ashe says. "It is a police state. The greatest, most influential variable here is fear. Wherever I go I see that everybody is afraid."

Even the press, relatively untrammelled till now, fears that censorship is imminent. Informers are legion. Society matrons toss off the phrase "go inside" in the natural, everyday way that the friends of Eddie Coyle talk of "star." The government police, the wistfully acronymized BOSS (Bureau of State Security), are omnipresent. One BOSS policeman stood with the banned man by the stairs, while another went up and infiltrated the meeting. As Ashe spoke in a room heavy with smoke and sweat and passion, he noticed that a little man in the first row could not keep his hands from trembling. Ashe talked of how he hoped his visit could be a first small step, somehow. He cited the progress he was familiar with.

"Sure, and here they would have banned Martin Luther King after two weeks," a man said, under his breath.

"Power, power," the people spoke out loud sometimes.

"Shame, shame," they also said.

The man with the trembling hands rose

and talked of their banned colleague downstairs. "Our time is short. Very soon we all may say no more."

"Shame, shame..."

The next evening, Ashe had dinner with a wealthy white liberal. A financier, he was brilliant and persuasive, and held the audience in his grip. "A game," he suggested at dessert, "we will have a game." He would play the role of Arthur Ashe upon his return to America, and the others at the dinner table would be members of the press. He would illustrate how Ashe could field questions honestly but to everyone's mutual best advantage. The predictable questions came: Were you surprised? Might you return? And the answers flowed back smoothly. But somebody suggested another: "Mr. Ashe, how can the world believe South Africa is sincerely advancing toward justice if, in the week it shows off Foster and you, it bans a man without trial or even reason?"

The financier grimaced, and was suddenly himself again. "But that is not relevant," he snapped. "What has that man to do with South Africa allowing Arthur Ashe to play here?" The real Arthur Ashe looked again at the man who had been playing Arthur Ashe. "Besides," the businessman said, a cold smile creasing his face, "that man is just a lightweight." Ashe's eyes dropped. The game, as always, was over.

Don Mattera is the name of the lightweight who had been banned from living. It was he who wrote the poem about Ashe. They had met at Ellis Park earlier in the week. At the very time they talked, Mattera's banning order was being processed. He is 37, with a wife and six children, so gentle a man that he berates himself for his own passivity. He is a journalist and a poet, but he lives in a hovel with no plumbing and no electricity. He writes his poetry by candlelight.

Ashe saw him for the last time when he came down from the black journalists' meeting. Mattera was still there by the stairs, waiting with the man from BOSS. He took Ashe's hand, and those of his friends. "Go well, brothers," he said. "Go well." The jacaranda will come to bloom five more times before Don Mattera is allowed to be a person again.

When Ashe and Foster left South Africa last week, almost all the purple petals had fallen to the ground, spring was done and the place was itself again, with just the usual colors.

END

My whole adult life has been in sport—in high school, college, the pros; in Kansas, Michigan, Ohio, Florida, Louisiana, Texas; in football, tennis, basketball. I would imagine that my experiences in sport are as varied as anyone's. For World Championship Tennis, I negotiated with the powerful feudal lords of Wimbledon. For some of the richest men in Texas, I stood before the Board of Governors of the National Hockey League and tried to get them to take millions of dollars for a franchise full of castoffs. But I have also addressed a dozen ladies of the PTA on "The Value of Athletics," and I have negotiated with some angry mothers about who was going to clean the white football pants that I had so precipitously bought for the high school team.

I have had the pleasure of telling a cross-country runner and his parents that I had found the boy a laboring job which would permit him to run through the snow for the greater glory of Spring Arbor College. The boy and his parents remain grateful to me to this day. I have had the pleasure of offering another boy \$1 million to play basketball. The boy, his parents, advisers, attorneys and tax experts rejected the offer and to this day do not remember my name.

I have been athletic director, sports information director, promotions director, tour director, general manager. It was only 17 years ago that I coached at a high school in the Flint Hills of Kansas that had fewer than 50 boys enrolled. The kids would come over to my house after practice, and we would step outside and shoot pheasants and praise chickens for dinner. I taught English, American government and physical education, directed the school play and coached the three varsity sports. For this I made \$3,800, and sometimes I have looked back and thought I had it all then in Barns, Kans. and didn't know it.

Maybe I would still be there, too, but the school had some good athletes and we won some championships, and that made me ambitious—I wanted to coach somewhere big, like Great Bend or Hutchinson. Well, since then, because of sport, I have been all over the world—Tahiti, Sydney, Monte Carlo, East Berlin, Apol in Paris. I have slept in all the best hotels and taken my not inconsiderable appetite to places like Maxim's and Chasen's.

Because of sport I have met the Pres-

MAKING SPORT OF US ALL

It's not whether you win or lose but how you play the money game that counts in professional athletics, or so contends the author, a sports executive driven to retirement by today's attitudes. by BOB BRINER

ident and senators and governors. And many friends, too. Sport has brought me more of everything than I ever imagined. Now I have an expensive house with a heated pool in a fancy neighborhood. And my family and I can fly to our vacation home on a private island off the coast of Mexico.

But, please, understand that this self-aggrandizement and name-dropping is just to get me in focus. I want to establish that I am not one of those breast-beaters whining how sport has exploited me. I want it clear that, if anything, I have exploited sport. I want to get that on the record because then you can appreciate better how much it hurts me that I had to get out of sport.

But I had to. It is a self-imposed exile. Big-time sport today is a world apart, with ethics as strange as its finances and no perspective at all. Perhaps I would not have faced up to this if I did not happen to sit on the Board of Trustees of a small college that like so many institutions has to scratch for every dollar. The president, an experienced, dedicated scholar, makes less than any professional basketball player. Bonuses for second-round draft choices would cover annual expenses in most departments of the college. Sure, I know life is unfair, rock singers make more than brain surgeons, strippers make more than social workers. But even allowing for the natural inequities of life, it does something to you when you sit at a board meeting and turn down an increase in faculty pay that might bring the minimum up to \$10,000 and then get on an airplane and blithely offer a kid \$800,000.

Mike Davies, who succeeded me as executive director of World Championship Tennis, once grumbled, "Pro tennis would be a great game if it were not for the players." I am afraid that I have come to think that way about most of the players in every professional sport. It is a fic-

tion, well maintained, that today's athletes are exploited by management. On the contrary, I would submit that most athletes (and their agents) are unashamedly selfish and greedy, and that the owners of pro teams do more for their employee-players than do employers in any other business in the country. It is a madhouse. Quite appropriately, the sports executive who is now recognized as best able to deal with the "modern" athlete or the "problem" athlete is the Redskins' George Allen, whose carefully elucidated philosophy of leadership appears to be to give the players everything they want.

Allen has done no more than carry the extreme to an extreme. Everywhere this is what the overseers in management are telling the poor beleaguered field hands: "You want to buy a Mark IV but don't have the money—don't worry, the Club will co-sign for you." "You have an investment opportunity—sure the Club will loan you money without interest." "You want a soft off-season job—the Club will find you one." "You want to buy your sister a house—of course, the Club will advance the down payment." "You are in a little trouble—the Club will provide you with a lawyer." "You need extra tickets for the game—sure the Club will give you extra freebies." "Now that we're raising you to \$125,000 a year, would you like the Club to provide you with an investment counselor at our expense?" "Oh, you've lost all your money and need an advance—of course, the Club will advance you." And on and on.

In all my time in pro sport I have never known a player to ask for help and not receive it. And the inverse is very nearly an absolute: in all my time in pro sport I have rarely known a team to ask a player for his help and get it. Typical: "Look, we're trying hard to sell this company a piece of our radio package. The vice-president is a bad fan of yours. If you could just join us for lunch tomorrow,

ronald



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN HUENEGARTEN

I'm certain we would be able to cinch the deal." "No, man, I don't think I can make it."

Or the local orphanage has asked if some players could drop by anytime in the next few days. "No, man, I don't think I can make it."

Or the team's PR man has arranged a live interview at a television studio at 6 p.m. "No, man, I don't think I can make it." And on and on.

I remember the case of a key player for World Championship Tennis in our first year of operation. To this fellow WCT had meant the difference between hustling for \$20,000 a year under the table and making more than twice that as an honest pro. WCT was still deep in the red at the time. We had a chance for a real payday late in the season, but it was dependent on this player's making an appearance. This would have required him to work one day more for us than his contract called for. We had often, during the year, made schedule changes to accommodate him. Now when we asked for one more day, he gave us a flat no. Wouldn't even discuss it.

When I was general manager of the Dallas Chaparrals in the American Basketball Association, we traded for a top guard who was most unhappy because he was making only the \$30,000 he had signed for. Naturally, we wanted him to be a happy player, so we tore up his existing contract and wrote a new one, which paid him at the rate of \$55,000 for the balance of the season and \$60,000 the year after. At the beginning of this next season, the guard came in sick and run down. We provided him with the best care, kept him on full salary and were gratified that he came back from his illness and gave us a good second half. For that year we averaged 3,000 a game in attendance and managed that only because we were promoting, hustling and discounting tickets all over Dallas. If our guard's name and ability were lining up fans at the ticket windows it was not immediately apparent to us.

Even with this in mind we were prepared to offer this bird another substantial raise, perhaps to \$80,000 or even \$90,000. Now, in retrospect, I know this was insane on the face of it, and the guard should have signed in blood for that money. Instead, his agent came back to us demanding that we pay him a salary which was in excess of what he had grossed at the gate for the entire previous

season. Furthermore, the agent said that if we were not prepared to pay the guard more money than we made, then he would defy his option clause, jump to the NBA and fight us in court.

The most outrageous part of these demands is that the players deal only in cash on the line. The concepts of team, of spirit, of loyalty and allegiance are outmoded—and left to the suckers, to the fans. Americans who fear that there has been too much emphasis placed on victory should be relieved to know that winning or losing has become nearly irrelevant with large numbers of our major league players.

At World Championship Tennis, in the days of guarantees, some players were hardly above throwing a match so that they could go home or take a nice vacation. With the Chaparrals, dissatisfied players (especially dissatisfied players with no-cuts) simply lay down if they were not traded, or played more, or given the ball more, or whatever. I'll never forget one veteran we had who suddenly went into a mysterious sulk—just quit on us. Weeks later we found that he was upset because on one occasion the coach had designated another player to shoot a technical foul. The salary drive used to be restricted to the last few weeks of a season. Now the season is the salary drive. The pros play the statistics game for 80 games, then play basketball if they make the playoffs.

Even flat-out fixing of games has become nothing but another fact of salary negotiation—or renegotiation, as it is known these days. Tom Nissalke broke his contract with the Chaparrals, after we had given him his first crack at being a head coach, to take the post at Seattle last year. When a few SuperSonic players found Nissalke too tough for their high-salaried style, they boasted—even to referees—that they would lose enough to get humiliated. It took, finally, a dumped game against the woebegone Philadelphia 76ers to get rid of Nissalke.

Renegotiation is a fancy word for blackmail, make no mistake. For example, an agent for a Chaparral player called me during the off-season and informed me that the player would be "unhappy" unless his long-term contract was renegotiated. I replied that my employers would be unhappy if I did anything less than live up to the contracts we had signed. I added that it was somewhat traditional in this country for contracts to

be adhered to by both parties—whether it is another team, a player, an advertising agency, a laundry, a concessionaire or anybody else the Dallas Chaparrals did business with. Can you imagine a printer coming to me and saying that if I did not renegotiate with him, he would be capricious about delivering programs? Of course not. But this is what players do today as a matter of course. This agent laid it out very clearly to me—renegotiate an honorable contract, give the player more money or expect "an unhappy player" and "trouble" next season. It sounded like a Capone protection threat, but it was no idle bluff. The pro stiffed us that season, playing nothing but the statistics game.

Renegotiation is so much the rage (although no one ever seems to want to renegotiate himself down) that it threatens to become a parody of itself. My favorite renegotiation story involved one of the top young players in the league, who had a bonus clause that called for him to get a new \$10,000 car. After one year of his old contract he phoned the general manager and said he had to renegotiate. When he got to the office he explained that the car provision had to be liberalized. "You just can't get a decent car for \$10,000," he said.

Kids come into the pros nowadays expecting a windfall. I remember I went to sign a kid to a league contract and offered him, as I was authorized to, a \$0/\$0/\$0 deal, which translates into \$50,000 up front and then a two-year no-cut at \$50,000 a season. This bonanza was for a small guard with no celebrity value who figured to be a substitute on most teams. I'll never forget the boy's reaction when I made the offer. He just looked sadly up at me and said, "But I wanted a lot more than that." "Wanted—can you believe that?" I tried to tell him that there were a lot of things in life we wanted, but these young athletes believe that the streets are paved with gold and that \$0/\$0/\$0 is peanuts. This bird was eventually drafted in the fifth round by the NBA, was cut before the season started, and ended up back in our league, making the \$17,500 minimum.

While the players are at the heart of what drove me out of sport, they cannot be singled out for the blame. Agents and owners are two willing accomplices. I cannot say enough about agents. Taken as a group, they are the lowest, most despicable people with whom I have ever

**WHEN YOU'RE
RUSSIAN AWAY FROM
VODKA**

GO FORESTERING

Forestering is enjoying our
premium whisky for all the right reasons.
Taste.
Drinking is one thing. Forestering is
something else.



Forester Old Straight Bourbon Whisky is a registered trademark of the Forester Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky. ©1973.



THE CHRISTMAS MEAL AT JACK DANIEL'S has been the same since 1918.

In Jack Daniel Hollow it's always turkey, sweet potatoes and marshmallows, scalloped oysters, broccoli, hot biscuits, coconut cake with custard, and eat till you can't. To us, that's a very happy holiday. And we wish the same to our good friends everywhere.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED


 DROP

 BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tenn.
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government

had to deal. You cannot imagine how many athletes have been robbed by these vultures, yet the agents continue to perpetuate the myth that they are protecting the naive callow youth from unscrupulous management. In reality, one of the most striking unpublished facts of modern sport is that there is much more litigation between players and agents than between players and clubs.

I do not condemn the role of the agent as it is theoretically intended. Nor do I say that none of them work for the greater good of clients. Any kid in this country involved in sophisticated financial negotiations should have counsel—and should be willing to pay the appropriate hourly fee that the lawyer charges in such cases. Not only do most agents want a cut of the action, a great majority of them would steer a boy to the team that offered the best deal for the agent and not necessarily the best opportunity for the player.

I dealt with all types of agents. Some good, some bad. Al Ross, who made a career out of leading stars from the ABA through a loophole into the NBA, is not surprisingly held in the lowest esteem in the ABA. I don't know if he truly deserves that ranking, but he is surely the quintessential agent—fast-talking, flashy, elusive. Steve Arnold and Marty Blackman are others of this stripe, although they have never obtained the notoriety Ross has. Arthur Morse is also well known, an old pro from Chicago. His game is to beat image like a drum. First class, first class—when are you going to get first class and sign my boy? The price with Morse is always a million dollars. He's stuck in that groove, Million-Dollar Morse. Then there is Tom Meehan, the fatherly type. He plays the good guy and is always telling you that he advised his client not to ask for as much money as he is asking for. But, of course, the client won't budge from the figure.

The truly reprehensible agent is the one who just takes a big chunk of cash and runs. Men like these get the kid's money up front—even though that is almost surely not the best way to gain a tax advantage—because it is easier for the agent to get a larger cut that way. Seldom do you confront an agent and player together; in many cases the agent does not want the player to know how much he is really taking out of his hide. Many contracts are worked out so that the agent is paid his "fee" directly by the club.

Agents play games both ways. As soon as we had one of our "secret" drifts in the ABA, I knew I could expect a call from a certain agent the next day informing me that he represented our first choice. Probably the agent had never laid eyes on the kid, but he would ask me how much the Chaparrals would pay to get the kid. With a figure, he would then go to the player and tell him he was authorized by the club to make this offer if the boy would sign right away. If the player agrees in this sort of situation, the agent draws up a contract, takes his cut and splits. If the kid has the sense to tell the agent to get lost, the guy goes back to the club, says the boy reneged and suggests that the team was lucky not to get stuck with such a bad apple.

What makes it so easy for the players and the agents are the owners. You cannot have a spoiled child without someone doing the spoiling. It is strange what involvement in sport does to some businessmen, to men who have been clever (and businesslike) enough to have made fortunes elsewhere. But give a man ownership of a sports team and he seems to take leave of his senses. The same shrewd, tough guy who drives the hardest bargains in business will think nothing of advancing a kid \$10,000 on his \$90,000 salary.

In the ABA I saw men who were millionaires many times over not only scream and yell at each other like little children but wallow in business practices that would have driven them to bankruptcy in any other business. But then this appears to be a phenomenon that cuts across sport. I am sure it is an ego thing. It seems that nobody can say a nicer thing to an owner than, "I saw you on television." Or, "I saw you on national television." My owners in Dallas were generally dismissed as veritable skinflints because they wouldn't ante up a million every time Arthur Morse called me on the phone, but I always had the distinct feeling that even they would rather blow a hundred thousand than go out to the country club and get razed about the team. While I can assure you that franchises in the ABA changed hands for much less than \$25,000, it was policy to publicize that millions of dollars were involved.

Owners who had paid \$800,000 for some Everybody's All-America urged the others to duplicate their folly. And calls for prudence were hushed as violations

of antitrust law. Sport is so out of touch with reality today that those owners who make the worst—most expensive—deals seem to have the most prestige.

For all the millions spent by owners, they are more powerless than ever to exercise any real authority. In the ABA, never mind that the players and the agents and the networks and the lawyers ran roughshod over management, we couldn't even tell the referees where to spend the night. The average pro basketball official makes about \$30,000 for seven or eight months' work—plus a liberal per diem for expenses that makes traveling a great deal less burdensome than so many players and officials maintain. Unlike sports such as tennis and football, where the officials are moonlighting, basketball's week-long scheduling demands full-time professional officials. One would imagine that \$30,000 and the bounty of large amounts of non-taxable expense money would attract a truly elite corps of referees. Instead, the club was forever getting calls about officials who had slipped town with unpaid bills, and both the club and the league had to endure a most sensitive ongoing problem—many referees insisted on staying at the same hotels as the players. In consequence, a situation developed where certain pros and some referees were spending their per diems drinking together. If you can't keep your game free from elementary suspicion, the rest of it counts for nothing.

Some owners have had enough and have gotten out, but there always have been enough rich men with large egos to keep the wheel spinning. But the system is so corrupt and uncontrolled that I fear, increasingly, good men will want nothing to do with the ownership and management of sports.

Why put up with the players and the agents and the egos and the whole topsyturvy system—especially, why put up with it when success or failure is determined almost capriciously by the daily press? There are so many sporting interests today—so many teams, so many events, so many personalities, so many matches, so many everything—that I can assure you that if you do not have dependable newspaper coverage, nothing else you do makes any difference whatsoever. This may sound heretical in an age that celebrates TV sport, but it is precisely what Bill Veeck found out at Suffolk Downs in Boston, and it is not only

continued

what I found out in Dallas with the Chaparrals but in almost every city that WCT hit.

Newspaper coverage cannot guarantee you success if your product is bad but no matter how good your product is it has no chance for success if the newspapers are not writing about you. You can advertise in the papers or on radio and TV, you can promote, you can win games, play great opponents, get wonderful weather and wonderful playing dates—and nothing will have nearly so much effect as how the papers play you. And if the papers do not choose to give you space, they always have a built-in self-fulfilling prophecy to justify their attitude. They will say, "We don't cover you because you don't draw enough." And they are not required to listen when you reply, "But we don't draw enough because you don't cover us."

Since TV and radio seem to take their cues from the newspapers, the press is essentially a package deal. If the newspapers take you seriously, everyone does. And it really doesn't seem to make a great deal of difference whether the press boosts you or knocks you. One of the best breaks we ever got in Dallas was when a radio station rapped us.

Still, some of the defeats I have suffered at the hands of the press were not fairly administered. The scandal is that the sports press is frequently not above the battle it covers. The shame of journalism today is the sports page. Or would it seem proper to you for James Reston to moonlight in PR for the Democrats, and for the editorial writer of your paper to work on the mayor's publicity staff?

Don't laugh. The equivalent thing happens in sport without anyone blinking an eye. In Dallas during much of the time the Chaparrals were in the city, the leading sports columnist and the leading television commentator, the two most influential sports figures in the city (as in any city), were on the payroll of the Dallas Cowboys as the color and play-by-play announcers of the team's radio network. I don't say that because the Cowboys paid them they then gave publicity to the Cowboys and not to the Chaparrals. I do say that writers—especially columnists—should be free of suspicion. And I say that no newspaper can claim integrity on its front pages or editorial pages or women's pages so long as it permits conflicts of interest on the sports pages.

Certainly no team should be permitted to pick up a writer's travel expenses. In Dallas we had to do that as a matter of course. We were also expected to keep our regular writers in side money with program article assignments and other little dividends. For instance, the two writers who covered us for the Dallas dailies were on our payroll. For a time, one of these was a very good writer named David Casstevens of the *Times-Herald*, who was picking up \$20 a game from us helping out with the play-by-play sheets. Casstevens was a very objective reporter, though. But times got bad, and I told David we had to eliminate his job. He was stunned, even indignant, and explained that the paper had promised him the position when they hired him. That is, they had assured him \$20 a game from the Chaparrals without even bothering to confirm the arrangement with us. By now, it is just assumed that most teams will make these kinds of arrangements with the papers.

The situation is hardly unique in Dallas. I know, because I paid off writers across the country when I was in charge of the WCT tour.

In light of the foregoing it might sound surprising, but I count some great friends in the press. In fact, I'm generally very popular with writers inasmuch as I'm a nondrinker and thus reliable bar company—someone who can drive home. But then I've worked for fine owners like Lamar Hunt, Bob Folsom and Joe Geary, and I've dealt across the table with agents like Sam Gilbert and Donald Dell, men as honest and congenial as you could expect to find in any profession. In every organization there have been players I have come to respect, even love: Howard Twilley of the Dolphins; Marty Ressen and Arthur Ashe in tennis; and a couple of kids named Eugene Kennedy and Collis Jones on the Chaps. They shared the same forward spot, and their playing time, statistics and value to the team were virtually the same—but because of the absurdities of sport today, Collis made about three times as much money as Eugene. But they were never anything but friends.

I have also been around just long enough to see some athletes grow up and show me, by their example, that they need not be spoiled for life. Some of the young kids I first dealt with in WCT are now the most responsible leaders in the players' movement. Suddenly, they have

to exhibit executive ability; they have to show care for people; they have to learn what it is like to pick up after others. And they have become real again. I think maybe sport can grow up and become real again, too.

I don't fool myself, I don't think. I was harshly disillusioned. Perhaps if my last experience in sport had been a successful one, if the Chaparrals had won the ABA championship, I would be bubbling on now about what a wild, wacky, wonderful world sport truly is. The owners would be "sportsmen," the players and referees would be selfless professionals, the agents would be Samaritans donating to charity, and the sports pages would be living proof of the glory of the First Amendment. Maybe I'm just sour grapes—and then again, maybe it is good that I'm sour grapes, that somebody occasionally walks away with a sour taste.

Sport does not have to be reformed so much as it has to come to its senses. Players must be paid what can be afforded, not what is wanted, and they must start paying their dues to the fans instead of to their agents. I may be old-fashioned but I still believe that special position brings special responsibility. I am not an advocate of situational ethics. I do not suggest that players should profess to stand for things they do not, but it is nonetheless possible that they can be more positive and just as consistent. As a kid, a very poor kid, I mowed lawns and took that money so I could subscribe to *The Boston Globe* and read, in Dallas, about Ted Williams. He was my idol, and I admired the things I read about him. O.K., when Williams ended up in Texas, I found out that he could be a pretty surly, disagreeable guy. That revelation may have pained me some, but I'm sure, in the final analysis, that my misinterpretation of him was better for my life. He was a hero when I needed a hero.

Better, I believe, the hero syndrome than the anti-hero. And better that we have sport the way it is than no sport. Hopefully, we have bottomed out, but even if we haven't, even if sport grows worse, I know that every time the phone rings I am secretly hoping that it is somebody asking me to come back and be a part of the madness.

Of course, this time I'll get an agent and demand a no-cut and then I'll renegotiate. . . .

END

Give her a present that'll make you both look good.

She thinks you're the cleverest, darlinest man in the whole wide world.

But clever, darling men don't give ho-hum presents for Christmas.

They give "Wow! You're unreal! I could kiss you for this!" presents.

Enter Clairol's True-to-Light® Mirror.

It magnifies, shows all her terrific angles, and gives her four kinds of light to look sexy in.

And the sexier she looks, the sexier she feels.

And the sexier she feels, the sexier she acts.

And the sexier she acts, the better for you.

Hey, who is this a present for anyway?

Clairol True-To-Light Mirrors



IN STEVE'S BOOK, THE 'I' HAS IT

If Jockey Vince Bracciale seems to exist only as Agent Steve Vaonakis' alter ego, he is a very rich and winning one **by FRANK DEFORD**

The first thing to understand about jockey agents is that when they employ the first person singular, they are not necessarily speaking of themselves. For example, when Steve Vaonakis says, "I haven't taken days this year—knock on wood—but I tore my ligaments at Pimlico, and the year before I got thrown and had to go into intensive care with injuries to my liver and spleen," you can rest assured that he personally has suffered nothing much worse than indigestion. He is not talking about Steve Vaonakis but about Vincent Bracciale Jr., better known as Jimbo. Bracciale is a jockey out of Charles Town, W. Va., or Down Below in the neo-Rumpon dialect that Vaonakis speaks. Vaonakis himself is from Wheeling, W. Va. Thus it is not so much a case of one Italian-American and one Greek-American but two Mountaineer-Americans who are on their way to the U.S. riding championship.

Vaonakis explains how: "Everyone is jockeying for position around a race-track. Of course, that goes for me, too. This is what you do for the rider you are affiliated with. You both do your job. One's riding, one's hustling."

Riding and hustling—although not necessarily in that order—Bracciale and Vaonakis have already won 398 races this year, primarily at Pimlico, Bowie and Mcmumouth and rank second to Sandy Hawley, the tireless Canadian, for the North American title.

Note of this is new for Vaonakis, who won a championship in 1962 with an apprentice named Ronnie Ferraro as his I, an achievement that will forever remain testament to Vaonakis' hustling ability. Ferraro has long since given up and gone

back to the family business in Philadelphia. Vaonakis, meanwhile, passed through a series of jockeys before he took over young Bracciale's book in 1970. This year Vaonakis' agent's fee—25% of Vincent Bracciale Jr.'s earnings—will come to about \$75,000 on line 17 of his 1040 form.

Since agents are permitted to represent no more than two jockeys at the same time, the relationship between them and their riders is most symbiotic. Harry Silbert, for instance, has been Shoemaker for 20 years, and if the other top agents and jockeys cannot boast of that longevity, they tend to move in the amiable way of Hollywood serial polygamy. The best jockeys find the best agents find the best trainers find the best horses find the best jockeys find the...

The class agents like Vaonakis are respected for being the most knowledgeable insiders in racing, but the profession attracts its shady element, too. A number of agents are really just touts searching for a cover profession. Others, called S8 agents, put their boy up on any crible or rogue just to nail their 25% of the jockey's assured fee. Technically, it is illegal for an agent to bet against his I, but all occasionally do. Vaonakis seldom does, which is just as well. Joe Servis says, "As good an agent as he is, he's the worst handicapper I ever saw." Servis is head steward at Charles Town now, but about 15 years ago he rode for Vaonakis. "Back then," Vaonakis recalls, "it was not unusual Down Below for certain parties to approach me and ask me to convey a proposition to my rider. At them kind of ovals I had some good jockeys just loaded with larceny. But not Joe Servis.



When I was asked to approach him, I knew full well he would not adhere to such tactics, but this individual said, well, you ask him anyways. Which I did. I took these tidings to Joe Servis, and he said no, and therefore I put him right at the top of the threshold."

Now it happened that back then Servis' trailer was next door to the Bracciale family's and, most important, Jeanette Bracciale's excellent Italian cooking. A pleasantly plump man with a large round face and a perfectly shaped oval coiffure surrounding tiny eyes, Vaonakis loves food. Starting when Jimbo was five years old, he would drop in on the Bracciales for hours and sit with Vince Senior and Servis, eating.

Jimbo's father, who is much stockier than Jimbo, left Brooklyn and started riding at 15. He is 52 now, the trainer of a small string of horses at Charles Town. As a rider he had a reputation for honesty but also caution. He has given more to his only son than he ever had himself, and he provided him with the environment of Charles Town, which instructs



UP AND TYPICALLY AHEAD. TOP U.S. RIDER BRACCIALE SCANS THE FIELD BEHIND HIM AS HE DRIVES HOME ANOTHER WINNER

by osmosis. The place has only 3,000 people but two racetracks, Charles Town and Shenandoah Downs. Racing is the town's clean industry. There is so much of it that it seeps through the windows like smoke in a mill town. Since they can stay year-round, the jockeys settle there, and their boys grow up (only not much) and go to the races.

Jimbo rode in a pony race when he was five. Not long after, he started jumping makeshift hurdles in the Shenandoah parking lot. He rode shows. At seven or eight he started sneaking onto the track and working out of the gate. By 12 he could bandage a horse and prepare it for a race. As a teen-ager he rode escort ponies and exercised in the mornings. "My father was always a big help, but things just came to me on a horse," he says.

"You could see from the first that he could make it if he wanted to," Vince says matter-of-factly. "He was a natural athlete and he had horsemanship." Vince never pushed his son, though. "I just wanted to teach Jimbo correct work hab-

its, and riding was the only trade I knew. It was like a plumber teaching his boy plumbing because he knows it, not necessarily because he wants his boy to be a plumber."

Jimbo became supple and muscled, a genuine athlete who just happened to be small. He hit .500 in Little League, starred in basketball and ran a record two-mile in high school. "His father wouldn't let him play football," Mrs. Bracciale says, "but the wrestling moved him up to everything." He won the 107-pound class state championship and had offers from most of the country's top wrestling colleges.

His parents said, "It is up to you, Jimbo, what you want to do with your life." Having never had a college man in the family, they probably preferred that he go on in school. A visit to the University of Iowa campus helped make up his mind. "We're a close family," Jimbo says. "We always did a lot of things together. I mean, like, my father and me, we'd even go get haircuts together. A father and son that's close—that can go a

long way." So he would be a rider like his father. Anyway, he asked, "How far can I get in college? I'd just end up a physics teacher."

Three months after he graduated from Charles Town High, Jimbo was tearing up the local tracks, and many horsemen urged Vince to rush him to the big time. But Vince kept Jimbo at home. "You get more experience out of a bulling like these tracks than at the melers," he says. "It's like playing sandlot ball in a coal mine town. After that, anything is easier. The only way you can learn to ride in traffic in the afternoon is to ride in traffic in the afternoon." Vince did not make a move until he heard one day that Vaonakis was available. He asked Vaonakis to come up Down Below.

One look was all Vaonakis needed. "He was so cool, riding them muskrats around them elbows," he remembers. Before Jeanette could feed him, Vaonakis told Vince, "Tell Jimbo to puck his tack." And the two of them left for Garden State almost immediately. "Some of the first horses we got on there just

continued

jumped right up and ran a good race for us." Jimbo recalls in the third person plural common to jockeys. "The stewards were eying me real close 'cause I still had the bug," says Vaonakis, "and after I win a couple, they give me days."

For all his early success, few people yet know how to pronounce Bracciale's name. It is Brah-chelly, and it will be learned. Now 20, Jimbo will gross something like \$300,000. Potentially he is the best U.S. jockey since Willie Shoemaker and Bill Hartack appeared a quarter of a century ago and is more articulate than the one, more genial than the other. He is, in fact, a beguiling fellow, properly shy and polite, even candid.

He is not particularly record-conscious. While Hawley has been charging all over North America picking up mounts seven days a week this fall, Bracciale has kept his usual schedule, spending most of his spare time in his apartment in Laurel, Md., with his wife Tern, who was his high school sweetheart, and their 1-year-old daughter Lori.

While he will not extend himself for the record, there have been occasions this year when Bracciale has risen early and mucked out a friend's stable and walked the horses. It is said that at any track where he appears, he is not only the best jockey there but also the best groom. Unlike other riders, Bracciale sees the personalities of horses, not only their gears and pistons. Days, even weeks after riding a horse, he can recognize it, and it does not seem that he can pass one by without reflexively reaching out to pat it. "You have to have feelings for horses because they're trying," he says. "Like, I like fillys the best because it seems to me they try harder. In the morning I'd almost rather work on a horse than ride him—get into him, rub him down, put his bandages on. Maybe he gets to like you, and he puts out for you just a little more in the afternoon."

Vaonakis descends into the suburbs of bathos whenever the subject of his I comes up. "I admire this kid so much," he says. "One in a million. But understand, I wouldn't tolerate it if I seen it startin' to go to his head. What do I need with that situation? I'd look for someone else to put up with me. I don't worry about jockeys anymore. I did well with almost every one of them I had, and as long as I can talk I can hold a job. When I got a Dear John from Smiley Cusma-

no after waitin' five weeks for him to heal from the injury he had acquired, I just said, 'O.K., Smiley, I been fired by him 10 times better'n you.'

"Now, Howard Grant. When Howard let me go, that hurt. I'd gotten him Down Below when he still had his bug and was with some outfit out of Ohio, and we went right to the top together, right to the races. Besides, I was like his guardian, his adviser. And then, right before that Christmas at Pimlico, he calls me in and says, 'Steve, maybe we ought to make a change.' I'd felt personal blows before, but none like this. I came close to bawling. They'll never be another one hurt me like Howard did."

"I know jockeys now. A good portion of them are spoiled prima. They'll loaf on you, triangle you. They're 4'8" and think they're 7'3". Although I rely on them to make a good living, I despise the way so many of them individuals conduct themselves."

For whatever boy he is handling, though, Vaonakis is indefatigable. "The Greek's always hustling and he's probably got the best phone book in racing," one horseman says. "But the thing that really makes that bubble belly is you cannot embarrass him, you cannot shame him. He'll be back at you about Jimbo."

Vaonakis starts buttonholing trainers on the backstretch at five or six a.m. and keeps it up all day, only shifting his base of operations to the general area of the racing secretary's office and then to the racetrack dining room. After the major luncheon crush the mature d' will look the other way, and the top agents will grab a free table or get invited to sit in with high rollers where they can also cadge some free rolls or the salutes wrapped in cellophane as they watch their f's ride. "I break good," Vaonakis will say. "That four come right over on me, but now I'm movin' good. . . . I'm going to put you away, Bobby. . . . I'll daylight these mudkrats. . . . There, that's three I win today."

Sheer visibility is one factor in an agent's success, but the prime ingredient is his ability to divine the coadition book. Vaonakis always carries his in his back pocket, next to his comb, and it has as much meaning to him as Sam Ervin's omnipresent U.S. Constitution. Often Vaonakis knows before the trainer what horse will fit into what race. He is a master, too, at withholding what is known as "flak call"—the commitment to

ride—until he has examined all the riding vacancies.

Because Bracciale is so good, most new trainers are delighted when Vaonakis approaches them and introduces himself: "I'm Bracciale." A few trainers will not ride Bracciale, however, because they are trying to cash a big bet on their horse, and Bracciale is bad for that business, as any horse he is named on comes down a point or two on the board. Other trainers might try to triangle Vaonakis—that is, give Bracciale the mount on one half of an entry, then scratch Bracciale's horse at the last minute, getting Bracciale out of the race and upping the price on the remaining horse. "Common," is how Vaonakis labels this ploy. "But you got to take a lot of stuff to be successful in this business," he sighs. "No matter what happens with any particular individual, you cannot ever afford to hold a grudge."

Vaonakis happened into the profession in 1950 when he was 22 and lured off from the steel mills in Wheeling. "It's a scenic town, but not what you call beautiful," he explains. "Guys being shot all the time, too," he says as an afterthought. The son of a barber and eldest of five, Vaonakis hustled newspapers as a boy at the Wheeling track, which was distinguished mostly by its cheap horses and a proclivity for burning down regularly. Later, when he was going to college, he worked summers there, but he never thought of a racetrack career until he was out of work and hanging around a luncheonette. Impressed with Vaonakis' persuasive personality, a Cuban jockey named Chico Maralles said, "Hey, Steve, why you no take my book?"

"I got the hang of the profession right away, so I went through the additional formalities," Vaonakis says. "I liked the socializing, the fraternizing. It just bolstered and enlightened me being around them particular people."

In those days he made \$3 a ride, but when he picked up Grant's book in 1957 he left the hangers for the big time—"a new Caddy every year, making the scene in New York every chance." Since Grant "terminated the affiliation," it has been a roller coaster ride, up and down with a mixed pride of jockeys. Now he may be set. *Turf and Sport Digest* already rates Bracciale as the sixth-best rider in the country, after only Laffit Pincay, Braccio Baena, Shoemaker, Angel Cordero and Ron Turcott, and many horsemen believe that Bracciale needs only a big

continued

Get away from rough taste.

Get into the smooth taste
of extra coolness. Only KOOL
with pure menthol has it.

Come up to KOOL.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

13 mg. tar,
1.0 mg. nicotine



Now, lowered tar KOOL Milds

Milds 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine,
Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73



1974 Toyotas you can take on the

There's more to Toyota than one or two Toyotas.

There are sporty Celicas to unwind roads that don't. There are Corollas with five forward speeds. You get four gears to make it feel like a sports car and a fifth cruising gear that's easy on gas and the engine.

There are spacious station wagons

and roomy Mark II's; durable, comfortable Corona hardtops with all new ways to help protect themselves and new safety features to help protect you.

There are rugged pickup trucks for work or play. To help open up new roads or just enjoy the open road. They come with the biggest engines of all the small pickups, and one has a bed a foot longer than anybody else's.



road, off the road or to build a road.

There are four-wheel-drive Land Cruisers with a reputation for staying fit even in the roughest terrain.

Altogether, there are 23 different new models for 1974 from Toyota, small car specialists for 40 years.

And there are nearly 1,000 dealers throughout the U.S. to help make sure

Toyotas do what they're supposed to do. Save you money. Save you trouble. And take it easy on the gas.

If this is indeed the year of the small car, this is the year of Toyota.

TOYOTA
Small car specialists for 40 years.



100% Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers.

*Who needs
mistletoe?*



Give the world's favorite Scotch for the world's favorite season.

horse to establish his national reputation. The one trainer who ever really put Bracciale down, Duke Dutrow, regrets that 1972 decision now. "Jimbo cost me a lot of money then," Dutrow says, "but since I left him, I've lost a lot of money on him. He's a much better rider now. I never get mad at my money no more."

Dutrow's disaffection was a blessing in disguise because Vaonakis then gave regular first call to the stable of Johnny Tammara, once a clever jockey. "Johnny is the one taught Jimbo to judge pace," Dutrow says. "Jimbo measures them now."

"He was dragging back horses too hard," Tammara says. "Also, I tell Jimbo to keep thinking, take chances, because I'm not going to drop him for one little mistake and I'm not going to lock him into bad horses. His only problem is he still tends to get a little lethargic-like. Any other jock with a chance to beat Hawley would be hiring helicopters to catch every race all over, but Jimbo doesn't care. How do you figure?"

Perhaps it is simply that it has all come so naturally and easily for Bracciale that there has never been occasion for the doubts and disappointments that spawn the driving forces in others. Or maybe it is that he is still something of a man-child: husband and father, yet very much the boy. It did not seem strange to Bracciale that, living at home but already making a thousand or two a week, he would ask his father for a dollar walking-around money. More recently, like some moony adolescent girl, he had his father ship down to Laurel his old buddy, Bill, the stable pony. In the cynical environment of the track he is mature for his years but also guileless. He takes off his shoes and lays his feet up on some racetracker's dashboard, as any kid might do, and the whisper goes out that he is common, that success is going to his head. He is cheap or a show-off, depending on how fast he moves to pick up a check, and horseplayers bet him down to 6-5 on a 3-1 shot, then rake him with boos if the ersatz favorite misses by a nose.

None of this, apparently, bothers Bracciale. "I feel no different now," he says. "I live about the same as I always did—a few more clothes, eat out a little more, I have a Lincoln instead of a Corvair." Vince says he has not changed. "What's Jimbo going to get big-headed for? He's a born racetracker, and he understands all this."

"One time, he's only 18/19, Jimbo wins a picture for me," Dutrow says. "He explains to me how, when he comes into the stretch, this one patch of shade hits him, so he steers the horse right down that shade path while the others are fighting off the sun. Now where's a boy his age got off knowing a thing like this?"

"Jimbo was trying things the first week he was riding that most boys don't even know after six months," Vince says. "He was switching his stick that first week."

"Ah, he could switch sticks when he was on his hobbyhorse," Mrs. Bracciale says.

Bracciale does have a reputation as an outstanding left-handed hater. "That's a big plus," he says. "I probably got the left from wrestling. In wrestling you need balance, gotta work both sides."

"Probably 95% of your horses never really feel anything but the right-handed whip," Vaonakis interjects. "What exercise boy can hit left-handed? And very few jocks."

"After awhile," Bracciale says, "you can sense that a horse gets to resent the right-hand whip. Not only won't he respond, he'll get mad at it."

"Familiarity breeds contempt," Vaonakis explains.

"Then he feels that left-hand whip," Bracciale says, brightening, "and you can tell he's saying, 'Hey, what's this? What's going on? Let me get out of here!'" And he sparks up and punches for you."

One night not long ago Bracciale went back to Charles Town to ride in The Mountaineer Stakes, a \$25,000 race, one of the richest in West Virginia. Vaonakis, claiming "I'm getting too old to go Down Below," sent his close friend Ed Watson to chauffeur his 1, and they were joined by Tidewater Benjie, a familiar ex-acta player whose speech rivals Vaonakis'. This, in part, is Benjie's report, dictated into a tape recorder.

No sooner had Jimbo arrived than various members of the regular element began to inquire where The Greek was keeping himself. "Home, listening to the results, and then at the bank if we win it," Jimbo replies in a comic vein. Steve and Jimbo will simulate kidding one another just this way.

Jimbo's father and lovely mother are situated at a choice location in the dining room where they can witness the card. Jimbo's two older sisters have married and departed the Greater Charles Town

area, but his little sister Tina, who is nine and just some kind of beautiful youngster, has accompanied her parents this particular evening. It was as recent as 1970 that Jimbo would baby-sit with Tina on the nights when his mother was selling mutuels and his father was attending to the horses he conditioned. At past time over at Shenandoah, Jimbo and little Tina would get out of the trailer, and then they would scamper across the parking lot, past your Valet Parking sign to where the chute for the sprints is situated. The two of them little individuals would be happy just to watch the horses break. Of course, they could not wager. "Then," Jimbo relates to me, "we would run back and watch TV till the next post." Imagine, the nation's leading reinsman performing these childhood antics less than four short years ago!

The star-studded feature, The Mountaineer Stakes, has attracted entries from as far away as Belmont, and it does not look at all good for Jimbo. He is on Lexington Park, a speed horse, but he draws the 11 post and he is assigned the heaviest impost in the race. This is, between you and I, the real reason I believe Steve doesn't come up Down Below. "Making me carry 126 around them elbows," he protests to me. "This is like me having to carry the Brooklyn Bridge." But Lexington Park is what you call your honest campaigner, a refugee from the claiming ranks, and Jimbo punches him right out on top. He has only got an eighth of a mile to the turn, but Jimbo has him on the lead there, and he just daylight the field the rest of the way—or moonlights it, as you might accurately be required to say under these nocturnal conditions.

After much foldover in the winner's circle, Jimbo is able to get down, and his mom hugs him for joy. Jimbo weighs in and returns for pictures, and then his mom inquires of him, "Did you remember to weigh in?" Just like she was inquiring of some youngster did he brush his teeth. This is your leading jockey in the United States.

"Yes, Mom, I did that already," he relates, and thereupon he puts his one arm around his mom and his other around his pretty little sister, and they walk off that way. As you can see, Jimbo's hat size is still the same as ever, and this also applies equally to The Greek he is affiliated with around all the various ovals.

That concludes Benjie's report. **END**

Washington Redskin Coach George Allen approaches winning the way White Owl goes about selling cigars. "We're gonna getcha," Allen's cautious game plans seem to say. "Maybe not in the first quarter, maybe not in the second quarter, but we're gonna getcha. Sooner or later you know we're gonna getcha."

Take the Oct. 8 game against Dallas, scenes from which are shown on the following pages. On that Monday night the Cowboys outplayed the Redskins, holding the ball for 78 plays to Washington's 53. Dallas gained 182 yards rushing, the Redskins just 71—symptomatic of a season in which the Washington ground game is off 30%. Yet the Redskins steadfastly refused to risk anything offensively. They preferred to do their attacking with their special teams and their defense which, with End Verlon Biggs in the fore, sacked Dallas Quarterback Roger Staubach seven times.

Still, Allen had to wait until the last three minutes of the fourth quarter to get Dallas. Only then, with the score tied 7-7, was his patience rewarded. The Cowboys made their mistake, a weak, forced pass by Craig Morton, whom Coach Tom Landry had put in for the beleaguered Staubach. Safety Brig Owens cut in front of Tight End Billy Joe DuPree, intercepted at the Dallas 26 and danced into the end zone.

Ultimately, the Redskins won the game by Owens' touchdown or by a foot, depending on how you look at it. Trailing 14-7 with a few seconds remaining, the Cowboys had fourth-and-goal on the four-yard line. On Dallas' last play Morton completed a pass to Walt Garrison but, with a truly Herculean effort the Redskins' other safety, Ken Houston, lifted Garrison off the ground, stopping him a step shy of the goal line.

The Redskins and the Cowboys became rivals by default in 1960, the year Dallas joined the NFL. At that time they were the two worst teams in football and only 21,142 turned out to watch Washington record its only victory of the '60 season by beating winless Dallas. Nine weeks ago, when they played for first place in the NFC East, 34,314 jammed RFK Memorial Stadium and ABC-TV recorded its highest audience ratings in

the history of Monday night football. Over 40% of all U.S. TV households, or 44,600,000 people, watched what may well have been 1973's best football game.

Sonny Jurgensen quarterbacked the Redskins that evening, throwing one yard to Charley Taylor late in the fourth period for Washington's first score. Jurgy is the people's choice as the nation's capital, a redheaded, potbellied Hotspur belittling the dangers of putting the ball in the air. In Dallas this Sunday it could be Billy Kilmer, ironically the only Redskin who did not play on Oct. 8, who will guide the Redskins. Jurgensen is 39 and only his arm refuses to admit it. Last year in Yankee Stadium he planted his foot while throwing a short pass and tore his Achilles' tendon. This year he planted his foot while getting into his car and a bad knee gave way.

But you can't keep a good man down. Last week against the Giants, when Kilmer aggravated an ankle injury, Jurgensen limped in with Washington trailing 21-13. After an uncertain start, he completed 11 passes in a row, the final one, a 16-yarder, to Larry Brown for the touchdown that enabled the Redskins to pull out a 27-24 win.

Washington can be a winner by losing Sunday, but only if it manages to do so by fewer than seven points. If Dallas wins and both teams take their final games the following Sunday, the Redskins and Cowboys will finish with identical overall, division and conference records. That reduces tie-breaking procedures to head-to-head competition and therefore Dallas must exceed Washington's seven-point margin of Oct. 8. It is conceivable that the Redskins might run out the clock while trailing by six points or concentrate on a field goal if losing by a touchdown—a case of being close and winning the cigar. Meanwhile the Cowboys can't afford to sit on a small lead. If they are winning by six late in the game, for instance, they might try an onside kick. However, whoever wins by whatever amount, the NFC East's second-place team could lose the wild-card spot to Atlanta.

Win or lose big, Allen will be praised or damned on his choice of quarterbacks. Landry, with Staubach and Morton, knows that score (see page 57).

—JOE MARSHALL

A CIGAR FOR GETTING CLOSE

GLOOMY SONNY (9) had to throw to tie game at 7-7. Dallas got its score on a Staubach (12) pass, but he was damped seven times. Hill galloped for 103 yards and recovered his fumble.





BLOCKING KICKS IS A SPECIALTY OF WASHINGTON'S SPECIAL TEAMS.



AGAINST DALLAS THEY BLOCKED TWO: A PUNT AND THIS THIRD-QUARTER FIELD-GOAL TRY DEFLECTED BY RON NIDOLE



QB OR NOT QB: THAT IS THE QUESTION

by EDWIN SHRAKE

UGLY FAT

You can't be fat . . . and fast, ton. Fat is hard
to see, fat is hard to detect. It hides under thick skin,
it enslaves and slows every movement of the body.
. . . an untrained eye cannot find fat.

LIFT. RUN. DIET. WORK

T. L.

T. L. means Tom Landry. Ralph Neely, the tackle, was lying on his back lifting weights with his feet. Looking between his knees, Neely could see the UGLY FAT sign on the wall of the Cowboys' practice field clubhouse in north Dallas. It was late on a Wednesday afternoon, and the Cowboys had been running plays for hours. Most of the linemen were heading toward the clubhouse now, their heads down and their breathing hard, but Roger Staubach and Craig Morton were still over by the goalposts throwing passes, as if the last one left on the field might be the first one in Tom Landry's heart come Sunday.

Staubach and Morton have both been starting quarterbacks for Dallas in the Super Bowl, and neither believes he ought to be No. 2. To Neely it does not matter which one is in the game. Few of the Cowboys are what you would call close pals but certainly they know each other well enough, and if there is any real disagreement over who ought to be the quarterback, it is hard to detect. Unless, of course, you ask Staubach or Morton.

"I used to care," Neely said, resting a moment. "I used to prefer having Craig in there. But now I can honestly say I think they're equal. Roger will sacrifice anything, even his own body, to win a game. Craig is more cool and calm."

Neely did another dozen lifts and sat up. Kids were yelling through the fence for somebody to throw them a chin strap. You could hear puds creaking and the whack of the ball striking flesh.

"Craig has taken so much hell here that he can stay calm now even when they're booing him," Neely said. "The quarterback gets paid to take the heat is

the way I look at it. He sure gets the glory if you win. But Craig has taken some stuff from the fans that was just awful, even when the team was winning. Roger hasn't lived through anything like it. Maybe he's had a little taste, but he doesn't really know what it's like when they get down on you. Don Meredith knew, and Craig found out in a hurry."

The two quarterbacks finally walked past the sweating Neely and into the clubhouse. No, make that three quarterbacks. Jack Concannon is on the taxi squad. Concannon was a starter for Chicago before he played out his option and signed with the Cowboys. Next year Concannon's situation is bound to improve because by then Morton will almost surely have been traded, probably to Green Bay.

"Look, I'm a lineman, so the quarterback can't give me anything," Neely said. "He can't throw me a pass or let me run with the ball, so there's no reason for me to play favorites. It just happens to be true that Craig and Roger are about the same on the field in terms of effectiveness. They're not all that different off the field, either. Roger is supposed to be Mr. Pure, dedicated and all that, a sincere family man. Craig is supposed to be a playboy. Well, Craig got that image because he's a bachelor. People think a bachelor quarterback must really live it up, like they think Joe Namath does. But underneath, Craig is just as dedicated as Roger. Craig is the kind of guy who'll drive down to Waco and spend half the night with a sick child who wrote him a letter, and then won't ever mention it."

Neely wiped his face and glanced up

continued

LEVELLED HILL returned from third-quarter injury, but Dallas never recovered after Owens (24) intercepted a Morton pass and, holding the ball triumphantly aloft, graced in to make the score 14-7. Despite being clobbered by the likes of Biggs, Morton nearly engineered a tie, Garrison (12) being stopped by Houston on the Washington one with 13 seconds remaining.

at the UGLY FAT sign. "You don't think T. L.'s trying to tell us something, do you?" he said.

Tex Schramm has been through all this before. The Cowboy general manager got to talking about it in Los Angeles last month the night before the Rams beat Dallas in a game in which Morton did nothing but hold the ball on field goals and extra points. Six nights earlier, in the Monday TV game against Washington, Landry had taken Staubach out late in the evening, and Staubach had tried to put himself back in. Having played what he describes as the worst game of his life in the playoffs against Washington last year, Staubach on this night had wanted so badly to make up for it that several Cowboy players said they thought he might stage a tantrum on the sidelines watching Morton finish and Dallas lose. "His face swelled up and got red," one of them said.

"Roger is a fierce competitor,"

Schramm said. "He wants to win any kind of game he plays against anybody. Craig's a good competitor, too. The kind of thing that's going on between them now is like it used to be when I was with the Rams and we had Bob Waterfield and Norm Van Brocklin. Then Waterfield quit, and Bill Wade came in. Same deal. Then, in Dallas, we had Meredith and Eddie LeBaron competing with each other. Then it was Meredith and Morton. Then Morton and Staubach. Morton has worn both sets of shoes here."

Morton walked out of training camp this year after being offered a contract that was heavy with incentive clauses. He could hardly be blamed if he suspected that he would not be the No. 1 quarterback. Had Morton not started every game until the final one last year, only to spend the entire afternoon on the bench while Staubach ran the club against the Redskins in the playoffs? That's an indication for you. The week before the Redskins game Staubach had replaced Mor-

ton in the third quarter against San Francisco and had thrown two touchdown passes in the last minute and a half, and Dallas had won by two points. "At the end of the 49er game there was no doubt in my mind I'd be the starter against Washington," said Staubach, who had missed almost half of the 1972 season with a separated shoulder. "Maybe I should have been surprised, but I wasn't."

There had been little doubt in anybody's mind, either, about who would be the starting quarterback this season. Staubach said in the off-season that he wanted to be No. 1 or be traded. "Being No. 2 around here is like being a rookie," he said. "They treat you as if you aren't even there. I don't have that many years for pro football." Dallas is not about to trade Roger Staubach. So if Landry and Schramm had to make any of their quarterbacks unhappy, it would not be him.

"I've never seen a player as uniquely popular as Staubach," Schramm said. "The only one who came close in my time was Elroy Hirsch. But Roger bridges a bigger span of people than Hirsch did. Staubach came along when the public was getting tired of hearing about guys like Joe Namath. Roger is the All-America hero type. He could make more money than any football player in history. He could make a speech every night of the year at \$1,500 a pop if he wanted to, and he could do endless commercials and endorsements in a way that has never happened to Morton. But Roger has been careful about the ones he chose. And he's cautious about investing his money. He'll wind up rich."

Schramm would prefer to keep both

continued



PATERFAMILIAS Staubach plays Pendulum Pool with wife Marianne and daughters Jennifer, 7, Michelle, 5, and Stephanie Marie, 4

BACHELOR Morton plays it cool at Wellington, a Dallas discotheque he used to have a piece of. The staff dresses up on Wednesdays





1. Colonel Jeb Lee never led a charge without his cigarette holder.



2. Not only was it smaller than a bugle, but it gave him a cleaner taste. Just like today's Parliament, with the recessed filter that's tucked back, away from your lips.



3. With Parliament, you never taste a filter. Just rich, clean flavor. Now ol' Jeb would get a charge out of that.

**The Parliament recessed filter.
It works like a cigarette holder works.**



100's: 15 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av.
11's: 18 mg "tar," 1.3 mg nicotine av.
cigarette, FTC method, Feb. 73

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

Football originals.

The original arm chair quarter-back.

On Sept. 30, 1939, television earned the Waynesburg-Fordham football game. Soon, more games were televised. Housewives of America despaired. Not only were they forced to learn the difference between a split end and a tight end, they now had to contend with the new by-product of their sofa-signal-calling spousesthe spread end.



The original tackling dummy.

In 1889, Amos Alonzo Stagg added this new wrinkle to practice sessions at Yale. He fashioned the "dummy" out of an old gym mat. There is no truth to the rumor that he named this innovation after the brightest player on the varsity.



The original light scotch.

In 1853, Andrew Usher blended the first original light scotch. Ever since, when it comes to watching football...the original light scotch is the right scotch. So, be it a Saturday afternoon. Or a Sunday. Or even a Monday night. Use your noggin. Team up with Usher's. The fans' favorite, since 1853.



QB OR NOT QB

Morton and Staebach, but he knows he is not likely to do it. Morton figured incentive clauses are not worth much to a man on the bench, and refused to sign. Recently Schramm offered him a new three-year contract, and Morton turned that one down, too.

"There are several teams Craig could turn out to pinch winners," Schramm said. "He's shown he can win for us. It's strange, but with Craig as the underdog right now, there's becoming an increasingly strong vocal group who wants him to replace Roger the way they used to yell for Morton to replace Meredith."

From the outside, Wellingtons looks like an adobe fort. It sits in a garden on a small lake across from a runway at Love Field in Dallas. The jets come over low enough that their engines whine through the din of discotheque music inside the building, which is usually crowded with young businessmen and pretty girls. Wellingtons has three bars, including one on the roof and another on a darkened second floor furnished with couches. "The second floor's for necking," said a downstairs bartender. He was standing under a sign that said *ACQUINTANCE, YOU WILL ENJOY OUR LIBERALMULCH!* "You never saw so many pretty ladies as come in this place," he said. In fact, Wellingtons is often so crowded that Mertons will not go inside, and until recently he was one of the three owners.

After declaring bankruptcy a few years ago and borrowing against his salary, Morton has pretty well pulled himself out of it now, partly by giving up big houses with swimming pools and partly because he decided to quit giving his money to anyone asking for it. "The hardest word I ever learned to say is 'no,'" Morton said one evening in Wellingtons while girls circled the table, hoping to draw his eye. Morton is big and good-looking, and even his being a semi-hero does not drive them off.

"You don't want people to think you're a bad guy," he said. "You want everybody to like you. So you go and loan money and do what friends want, and all of a sudden you're in a jam and the other people aren't."

Although Morton had one well-publicized and rather ridiculous fracas with the Dallas police, and another time was badly beaten up by hoods outside a New York nightclub, his style of living has never been half as wild as many people

Usher's Green Stripe. The 1853 Original.

Product of Scotland

Bottled Scotch Whisky—48 Proof—Brewer James Usher Corp., Louisville, Ky. © 1973

1974 is a beautiful time for Monaco

Monaco. A country so thrilling and beautiful there's a magic to its name. That's Monaco, the country. But there's another Monaco.

Dodge Monaco. Unmistakably new for 1974. Outside, it's a

car styled with elegance and flair. While inside awaits a quiet world of luxury and comfort. Exterior styling and interior luxury, however, do not tell the entire story of the 1974 Dodge Monaco. Throughout, there are

a host of Chrysler engineering advances... including improved torsion-bar suspension and the famous Electronic Ignition System.

Dodge Monaco. Unmistakably new. Unmistakably elegant. This year, unmistakably for you.



would like to suppose. Some of his attitudes are almost prurient. "I'm a closed person," he said. "I don't have many friends. I like the company of just a few. I guess that's why I was never a very good fraternity boy. But for a while there, I wasn't very careful. When you're in the spotlight and you're seen laughing it up, people imagine all sorts of things."

Morton groaned and stretched his legs. "My knees are really sore," he said. From football? He grinned. "No, from driving the bumper cars out at the State Fair. I drove in a circle for hours, hanging into everybody."

Like all pro quarterbacks who have been around very long (this is his ninth year), Morton has been hurt several times. His passing arm was operated on after both the 1969 and 1970 seasons. In 1970 he had an injured shoulder and a bad elbow and could barely throw the ball, but he started ahead of Staubach, and Dallas won seven straight games at the end of the season before losing to Baltimore in the Super Bowl. The next year Landry switched back and forth between Morton and Staubach until Dallas was 4-3, then decided to stay with Staubach. The Cowboys won 10 in a row and beat Miami in the Super Bowl, where Staubach was the Most Valuable Player. "I have to admit it, Roger played almost perfectly during that string of games," Morton said.

Morton walked away from Landry cursing when he was benched in the play-off against San Francisco last year. But soon he was back at the field phone, encouraging Staubach. "I still thought I'd be the man against Washington the next week," he said. "When I wasn't, I was very upset. Landry never bothered to explain it to me. He just said he had a 'feeling.' I think Tom understands a little better now how that affected me. I've learned a lot of football from him, and I think he's changing, learning more about people."

Morton and Staubach have adjoining lockers at the practice clubhouse, at Texas Stadium and at most of the road games. Reporters gather around the one who has been more prominent, and the other can always hear what is said. "That can make for some awkward moments," Morton said, "but Roger and I both know the score. He's a compassionate guy. This has been a really terrible year for me. I'm healthy, and I'm ready and I want to play."

Morton is affected by the fans' booing but attempts to conceal it. "I always try to be nice to the kids," he said. "The adults I don't care so much about." Allowed to call their own plays this season while Landry worked more with the defense, Morton says he and Staubach do not run a game the same way. "I believe you have to set the rhythm early with the guys up front," he said. "Not too much razzle-dazzle. The guys up front have to decide they're in a fight, and put their heads down and do the job or you can't win. That's the way I do it. The way Roger does it is the way Roger does it."

In October Dallas lost three of four games. Staubach started all of them. "This has been the first time in a long time that everything wasn't right on the track for Roger," Morton said. "It's been a lot for him to go through. As for me, how'd you like the way I handled the ball on field goals and extra points?"

By now Wellingtons was packed. The dance floor was a blob of flailing limbs. Some girls were acting as if they had lost something at Morton's table. "I love to dance!" a girl was shouting. A jet screamed down across the lake.

Morton slipped out and went home.

WILLPOWER

Intellect tries, the will never

The brain needs sleep, the will none

The whole body is nothing but objectified will.

The whole nervous system constitutes the antennae of the will.

Every action of the body is nothing but the act of the will objectified . . .

—T. L.

Roger Staubach has never been short on willpower. He cannot understand why anybody would smoke a cigarette or drink too much or get two pounds overweight. When he first came to the Cowboys as a 27-year-old rookie, after four years in the Navy, Staubach could hardly believe what he was seeing. Meredith and Morton behaving like chums. "Are they always like that?" Staubach asked a Dallas columnist. He said they usually were. "I can't see being that friendly with a guy when I'm trying to take away his job," Staubach said.

Staubach still fails to see it although he knows Morton a lot better now and respects him. "Craig and I get along as well as we can in this situation," he said after Dallas had beaten the Giants with Mor-

GOOD
Most solid state
console color TVs
are well
engineered.
And give you a
one year
service guarantee.

TWICE AS GOOD

**We think Philco-Ford is engineered better.
So we give you the only
two year service guarantee.**



Choose from eight to 26 different solid state color consoles. Showing Model C2550.

How can we give you a two year service guarantee and cover all parts and labor? A service guarantee that protects the entire set for twice as long as any other major manufacturer?

By designing and engineering our 100% solid state color consoles differently.

MORE MODULES.

First of all, we build our sets with more plug-in modules than any other major color TV maker. These modules are designed to make Philco console color TV more reliable. And we even computer test and align them for extra reliability.

Modules are also replaceable. Which means it's easier and quicker for the serviceman to locate and fix a problem. But, of course, with a Philco solid state color TV, you won't have to worry about parts or labor costs for two years.

FEWER PARTS. FEWER PROBLEMS.

Because we use more integrated circuits in our consoles than anybody we know of, we can reduce the number of parts. That

means there are fewer things that can go wrong. Which is another reason we can guarantee these sets twice as long.

OUR PICTURE IS PROTECTED.

Then there's our Picture Guard system. This improves tube life. And protects the tube from burning out in case of a sudden voltage change. Picture Guard also keeps our Super Black Matrix color picture consistently super bright. Even during brown-outs.

LESS FIDDLING WITH THE SET.

Because of our automatic "Hands Off" tuning system, you won't have to fiddle with the controls. And our color picture will be consistently good.

WE RUN YOUR SET BEFORE YOU DO.

Many critical problems with color TV happen during the first few hours. So before you ever turn on one of our sets in your

home, we've already run the chassis for up to 8 straight hours in our factory. Result? We can find and fix a problem before it's yours.

So take a look at Philco-Ford 100% solid state console color TV.

You'll see why we believe our engineering is better than anybody else's. And why we're the only people who give you the twice-as-good two year service guarantee to prove it.

OUR SOLID STATE CONSOLE COLOR GUARANTEE.

Although most manufacturers offer a two year parts warranty on the picture tube only, Philco-Ford protects the entire set for two full years. With no charge for parts or labor.

**"FOR TWO YEARS
AFTER DELIVERY
WE'LL FIX
ANYTHING
THAT'S OUR FAULT."**

PHILCO 

We think we engineer them better. So we guarantee them better.

Lips too sore for a stick?

Use soothing Blistex ointment. It smooths on easily, doesn't irritate. Yet it's real medicine. Gentle but effective for quick relief. Used early and often it aids in preventing unsightly cold sores and fever blisters. Try it. Soothing, cooling Blistex.



Enjoy all cold weather sports! **KEEP WARM!**



Get more fun out of your favorite cold weather sports! Slip Jon-E Warmers in your pockets or in a Jon-E Body Belt. These personal "pocket radiators" provide safe-flameless heat, keeping you warm and comfortable all over all day on only one filling of Jon-E Fluid. So at work or play beat the cold this year... take Jon-E along!

Jon-E Warmers. Available in Giant size, Standard size and Jon-E Twin Pack.

Jon-E Fluid. It's Odorless! Get long lasting Jon-E Fluid along with your Jon-E Warmer. Or fill up your own.



Be sure it's a genuine American Made. At sporting goods & hardware stores everywhere.

jon-e

ALADDIN LABORATORIES, INC.
828 So. 8th St., Mpls, MN 55406

QB OR NOT QB

ten appearing only as a holder. "We understand each other's problems. Craig had his run at this job after Meredith left. Two years ago Craig and I were both doing well statistically, but the team was losing too many games. So a coaching decision was made, and I took over.

"I don't care if it's golf or pool or what, I love to win. You can carry that attitude too far, of course. I don't advocate it for kids in the pee wee leagues. But in pro football winning is all there is. If you don't win, you haven't done what the game is about."

At 31 Staubach is a year older to the day than Morton. They played on the College All-Star team together before Staubach went on active duty. Staubach knew while he was at the Naval Academy that he wanted to play pro football and that service time would be a handicap, but the discipline appealed to him. "I've always been a disciplined person," he said. "I liked that Naval Academy educational discipline, the idea that you had to get your work done. I was a natural athlete, starting with baseball at the age of six. But I've worked hard at athletics. I gave up golf because I could see I'd have to play all the time to be good, and I didn't want to be bad."

It eats at him that he was not much of a problem to the Redskins in the play-offs last year. He asked a Cowboy publicity man to deliver the game film to his home, and then did not show up around the office for weeks. "What was there for me to say?" he said. "I was a non-factor in that game. The quarterback is supposed to attack, make things happen. I couldn't make anything happen."

So Staubach concentrated on beating Washington on Oct. 8, and got yanked instead. "I was very hot at being taken out," he said with a tight smile. "The game wasn't out of control. We were leading, and I'd thrown a touchdown pass. Coach Landry said I was hurt, but there were at least a half dozen guys on the field who were a lot more hurt than I was. Tom and I have talked about it. He knows how I feel."

That discussion may account for Morton having been used sparingly since.

"I meant it when I said I wouldn't want to stay here unless I was No. 1," Staubach said. "It's a human reaction to root against the guy you're trying to beat out. That's a bad position to be in, and it's bad for the team, but I don't see how you can help it."

CONNARD

Polaroid invents The SX-70.



Just touch the red electric button and...

Watch it



Less than 2 seconds after you take your picture, it's developing in your hand. There is nothing to time, nothing to peel, nothing to throw away. From nothingness, the first faint outlines begin to emerge.



From the very beginning, this Polaroid Land photograph is hard, dry, shiny and flat.

happen.



The image area is 3 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches.

As the image blooms before your eyes, you realize that this will be a color photograph such as you have never seen. Even after you have a beautiful picture, it keeps getting better.

Here is your SX-70 picture, minutes later, fully developed.

Polaroid's SX-70 explained.



The SX-70 camera.
1" x 4" x 7", closed.

The SX-70, quite simply, can reveal the world to you as you have never seen it before.

Slim, graceful, balancing lightly in your hand at only 24 ounces, this remarkable package of more than 200 transistors, elegantly wrapped in top-grain leather, scarcely hints at the wonders it can perform.

What you do.

One motion and the camera's open, ready at a finger's touch to propel picture after picture into your hands.

Just frame, focus and touch the red electric shutter button. Your picture is automatically ejected in less than 2 seconds, to time itself and develop into a color photograph of a depth and brilliance unparalleled in amateur photography.

What once might have seemed a family duty, or even

just an interesting hobby, can now become a spontaneous and recurring pleasure in your daily life.

What it does for you.

The new SX-70 probably includes more technological advancements than any other consumer product in the world today.

It is a single lens reflex camera. Your eye sees what the camera lens sees, because you're actually looking through the camera lens.

And, the SX-70's unique 4-element lens allows you to focus on objects from 10.2 inches to infinity.

The 10-exposure film pack contains a revolutionary wafer-thin battery to provide fresh power to operate the camera every time you load fresh film.

A 10-shot GE FlashBar™ array lets you take flash pictures from 10.2 inches to 20 feet or more away. And you can shoot a sequence of pictures almost as quickly as you can touch the red electric button.

Nothing being left to chance, the SX-70 scans the FlashBar electronically, picking the next flash to be fired. A unique, tiny

picture counter located on the back of the camera prevents the FlashBar from firing after your last exposure.

The pictures themselves are exceptionally durable. As soon as they are ejected from the camera, you can handle them, stack them, put them in your pocket.

Where and when.

The SX-70, with a suggested list price of \$180, is available now in limited quantity at Polaroid Land camera dealers. We are increasing the supply as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, visit your dealer to see a demonstration, and to place an order for your own SX-70.



The SX-70 camera,
open with FlashBar

When I was a kid I used to buy bobbleheads to get those neat little football-card pictures. Now I am one.

—Roger Staubach in a TV commercial for McDonald's.

In the summer before Staubach's first full pro season, Meredith retired, leaving Staubach to back up Morton. In training camp several veterans took Staubach to a bar. They wanted to see if they could live with him. They made him drink a few beers. Staubach works with the Boy Scouts, the Salvation Army and the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. He does not hang out in bars the and his wife Marianne go out to dinner once every couple of weeks. The rookie curfew passed. The veterans told Staubach to order another beer. "Their point was that since I was as old as they were, or older, I didn't have to abide by the rookie curfew."

The result was a \$100 fine for Staubach. A delegation of veterans went to Landry, explained what had happened and asked that the fine be removed. "I understand what you did, but it'll still cost him \$100," Landry said. As a discipline lover Staubach could appreciate that. The veterans liked the fact that Staubach took it with humor. "We found out he could be a pretty loose guy," said Linebacker Lee Roy Jordan.

"I don't think Staubach wants to get to know anybody on the team too well in case they get hurt or traded or cut," says Al Ward, a Cowboy vice-president. "He's got the same attitude as a flight commander or a head coach."

"The guys I played with at Navy are still my best friends," Staubach says. "In Dallas there's not many really close friendships."

Last month it was mentioned to Staubach that there might be a groundswell of pro-Morton sentiment since the Cowboys had already lost three games. "If there is, I haven't noticed it," he said. "I don't feel Washington was my game. Maybe if I throw a few more interceptions, I'll start to notice, but not yet."

Morton says his arm is as strong as it was when he was a rookie and they used him to throw 60-yard passes to practice kickoff returns. Bob Hayes says two of Morton's passes have split his palms open, "but Roger bruised one of my ribs with a ball, so you'd have to say they can both throw it pretty strong." Which brings us back to what Ralph Neely was saying, separate but equal.

END

the name is Sansui the technical superiority is Sansui



The all new Sansui QRX-5500 receiver gives you everything in a four channel receiver. Four VU meters allow you to monitor all channels simultaneously. The vario matrix circuits provide the greatest four channel separation currently available. The QRX-5500 can decode Sansui's own CS Regular Matrix, and all other matrices such as SQ, with unequalled fidelity; as well as accept the output from discrete sources such as four channel tape and CD-4 demodulators. The conservatively rated 30 watts per channel continuously into an 8 ohm speaker with all four channels operating means that you can power your system with watts to spare. Hear the future at your Sansui dealer.

Sansui

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.

Midvale, New York 11567 • Gardens, California 90247
SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan
Sansui Audio Europe S. A., Antwerp, Belgium

The Duster Coupe is more car than the Maverick Coupe.

**It has room for one more passenger.
And it has half again as much trunk space.
It offers more options.**

It gives you more weight, which you'll notice at freeway speeds.

It has more width.

**Duster's price is more, but not that much more.
So, of course, this year, we've been selling more.
Small wonder.**



CHRYSLER
MOTOR CORPORATION

Plymouth Duster.

Extra cast in engineering it makes a difference.





WHERE THE WILD GOOSE GOES



In a dramatic turnabout, the most majestic of our game birds, the Canada goose, has now tripled its population on the Chesapeake

by ROBERT F. JONES

It was a cruel, hard symphony, though its prelude was gentle enough. The first sound was the random tap of dry milkweed pods shaking in the dawn breeze. As the ground fog thinned under the push of the wind, three deer appeared in the soybean field beyond the box blind. The breeze freshened, and the rattle of cornstalks took command of the timpani. Bobwhite quail piped up from a low woodlot that slowly emerged in the glowing light. Blackbirds began moving now, huge, almost pterodactylan in the distorted air, adding their harsh morning song to the chorus. Then, out of the northwest, came the first cries of the geese—a faint, high yipping like that of a beagle pack on fresh scent, growing rapidly into a full-throated claxon, a barking, howling crescendo that sent the feeding deer skipping toward the safety of the woodlot. The sky to the west literally grew dark with Canada geese, the skeins and strings and knots of a flagging avian blanket. Finally, the sound of wings overhead. . . .

continued



"All right," whispered Matt Walsh from his corner of the blind. "They're giving us a look. About 12 or 15 of them, they're looking us over. They like us, they like the set. Don't move. Not even an eyeball." The guide put his goose call to his lips and bleated once, twice, comfortably. The sound of flailing pinions came stronger as the geese circled over the sprawling set of decoys, invisible to the gunners crouched eyes down, cheeks and shoulders to the wet boards of the box blind. It was painfully cramped in there. The only thing that moved was Walsh's bright blue eyes, squinting through the slit between the peak of his camouflage cap and the tip of his nose. Yet even without seeing them, the bodies of the geese overhead were immensely real, almost palpable through sound alone: big birds, hot and wary, social, querulous, hungry and agile for all their size. And they were fooled.

"Take 'em!" said Matt Walsh.

The gunners jumped up. Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!

The rise of the guns caught the geese

not 10 feet off the ground, pitching in with their feet extended like the landing gear of so many 727s, their wings cupped and clutching at the thick morning air, serpentine necks stretched, heads turning toward the danger, eyes wide and black. The sudden scramble for escape, broad wings lifting those huge bodies with amazing speed—but too slow for three of them. You can hear a goose when it hits the ground. It sounds like your wife with a bulky basket of wet wash falling down the cellar stairs. Two of the three downed birds were head-shot and lay where they fell. The third tried to fly but was stopped by a finishing shot. Tremors, floating feathers, silence.

That scene, or one very much like it, will be repeated thousands of times this year on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, the prime wintering ground for Canada geese in North America. With a bumper crop of goslings produced this summer on the breeding grounds of Labrador, Newfoundland and the Ungava Peninsula, there is even better shooting this season than last. A year ago about a million honkers produced the Atlantic flyway (916,100 to be precise, as the Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife survey usually is): fully half that total wintered in the tidewater reaches of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia—the region known as the Delmarva Peninsula. This year close to half a million geese will winter in Maryland alone. In an era that has witnessed a tragic and rapid decline in some species of game birds, principally diving ducks like the canvasback, the resurgence of the Canada goose is one of the few hopeful signs for the future of wildfowl shooting in America.

The comeback of the Canadas is doubly heartening in that it serves as another example of how some species of wildlife can adapt to man's often ruinous impact on the planet. Back in 1951, according to the Federal goose census, there were 272,183 Canadas wintering along the Atlantic flyway. That was the flyway's low point in the 23 years that the midwinter survey has been made. The high point came in 1970, apparently a good breeding year, when 775,000 birds wintered on the flyway, and the grand total—which included the season's kill—reached a high of 1,067,200. Thus the kill for that year—292,200 geese—exceeded the entire wintering population (i.e., survivors) of 1951.

The Canada goose once was mainly an aquatic feeder, but lately many of the geese have developed an appetite for "hot foods"—primarily grains like corn, wheat, barley and soybeans. In fact, the best thing that has happened to the Canada goose was the modernization of the mechanical corn picker about 25 years ago, equipment that leaves a lot of leftovers in the form of shattered ears and scattered kernels. The big black-white-and-gray birds have become highly efficient gleaners. Not only has the addition of corn to their diet helped many more birds survive the rigors of winter, but according to some biologists it may have increased the hardiness of the species generally, thus promoting better success in the spring on the northern breeding grounds.

Any radical change in a wild creature's habits is bound to cause worry among biologists, and the Canada goose's switch to hot foods is no exception. The availability of corn has been one big factor in altering the distribution of geese over the flyway, particularly during the winter. In the day when the Canada was primarily an aquatic feeder, the birds spread themselves more widely over the wintering grounds. Back then the primary concentration during the winter was in eastern North Carolina in the Currituck Sound area, which in the 19th century was the legendary killing ground for geese, ducks and swans. The robber barons of New York felt that their year was incomplete without a week's shooting in Currituck during which daily bags of 150 canvasbacks, black ducks, sprigtails, brant, Canadas and whistling swans were commonplace. Today it is doubtful that even the most efficient outlaw gunner could kill that many birds in a week of hard work on the Currituck. But he certainly could—and perhaps even does—on Maryland's Eastern Shore. Fully 80% of the wintering goose population, plus the now-protected swans and thousands upon thousands of ducks hold in the waters surrounding the Delmarva Peninsula.

The reason is the food: the peninsula contains about 514,000 acres of corn, plus 86,000 acres of small grain. By contrast, the 13-county area from Currituck Sound to the Pamlico River in North Carolina has only 200,000 acres devoted to corn. What's more, where the Delmarva farmers tend to leave their stubble



continued



King Size. Long Size.

Taste it all in Viceroy.

Get a taste of excitement. A taste worth smoking for. That's Viceroy. Full flavor that comes on rich and smooth from start to finish. Viceroy. Taste what smoking's all about.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Long Size, 16 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73.

fields unplowed during the winter, thus offering plenty of feed for the geese, the North Carolinians harvest early and plow for a winter cover crop of less palatable grasses.

"Without being anthropomorphic about it," says Skip Ladd, a habitat biologist for the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, "you have to wonder what goose would be dumb enough to overfly the cornfields of Delmarva for the empty fields of North Carolina. Any animal is going to stay where the feeding is good. You don't find many white-tailed deer in the deep forest; you find them on the edges of the protective woods and the rich meadows and farmlands."

Ladd and his fellow biologists in the bureau are concerned about this "short-stopping" of the Canada goose population for two reasons. "One of the basic aims of game management is to provide equitable recreation for all concerned," he says. "With most of the Canada geese concentrated in Delmarva, and particularly on the Eastern Shore, the traditional wildfowling states to the south are going relatively gooseless." During the 1969-70 season the bureau encouraged differential regulations between the northern and southern portions of the Atlantic flyway. Indeed, Georgia, Florida and the Mattamuskeet National Wildlife Refuge in North Carolina have had, or will have this year, closed seasons on Canada geese, while the rest of the South from North Carolina on down will have much more restrictive bag limits than the Delmarva area.

The second reason for concern is less recreational and far more biological. "A dense population of animals is prone to epidemic diseases," says Ladd. "Take that duck virus, enteritis, that ripped off the waterfowl in South Dakota in the winter of 1972-73. If something like that should hit the goose concentrations on the Chesapeake one of these winters, we could be right back to 1951 in no time."

In addition to the heavy goose gatherings in Delmarva, some smaller concentrations are beginning to winter even farther north. New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and New York have acquired small pockets of Canadas that breed along the lake shores and sounds, raise their broods within sight and sound of highways and motorboats, and delay

their fall migration or winter over in the proximity of sloppily harvested farm fields. Some families are even supported by delighted, dog-gooding bird watchers. "A really tough winter—with ice followed by heavy snow—could do them in," says Ladd. "Our experience shows that it is almost impossible to drive wintering waterfowl further south once they've settled into an area. Starvation is often the result."

Another potential problem for the more northerly-dwelling goose is the rapid expansion of suburbia into the farmlands surrounding such cities as Baltimore, Philadelphia and the New York-Newark complex. Ladd is most concerned about a proposed bay bridge from Baltimore to Kent County, on the Eastern Shore. "Kent County is one of the heavier 'goose use' areas," he notes, "and the bridge could create a potential for extensive land development on the northern portion of the shore." Once cheap resort housing takes the place of cornfields, so long, honkers.

Still, for today, which the philosophers sometimes say may be all we have to live for, the geese are there in Delmarva. They are present in an abundance and density that few men have ever seen in this lifetime, and perhaps in greater numbers than we shall ever see again. Their presence has changed the life-style of the Eastern Shore for the better. In the old days, the waterfowl of the region were slaughtered out of hand by market gunners and later by their successors, the outlaws, for the rich man's market in the big cities of the Northeast. Hardy waterfowl of Maryland, Virginia, Delaware and the Carolinas snack forth every fall in their sleek boats, armed with huge "duck cannons" capable of firing two pounds of shot, or with the equally lethal "battery guns"—mounting up to seven or 10 barrels loaded with black-powder and heavy shot loads—to mow down as many as 75 birds in a single discharge. These birds, gunned down on the water as they rafted together, or on the rise if the market gunner's luck was really good (rafting ducks tend to have their heads down; rising birds expose their vitals to the shot), were sold unplucked and ungutted to agents for the big city restaurants. A brace of canvasbacks might bring \$2.50 to the gunner; a pair of Canada geese \$5 at Christmastime.

Today, a single gunner hunting with a guide on the Eastern Shore—and one had better hunt with a guide if any shooting is to be possible at all—will probably pay \$50 a day for the chance to shoot at a Canada goose. And if the shot comes, the kill cannot be guaranteed. Despite its barn-door size and relative slowness in the air compared to a duck in flight, the Canada is deceptively agile and very hard to kill. Geese shot in the body can lumber off, obviously "sick" but still flying hard, to die in some quiet swamp corner and make a meal only for foxes. One should shoot for the head and the neck, and only when the birds are so close that it seems they are perched on the shotgun's muzzle.

The key to Canada hunting is a good cornfield coupled with a tremendous display of decoys. In recent years the guides, who usually lease the fields from farmers eager for a winter crop of dollars (up to \$10,000 per location) rather than legumes, have taken to using outsized silhouette decoys to draw the circling skeins of geese into the corn gleanings. Interspersed with the giant silhouettes are the more traditional goose decoys, most of them built neck-down as if feeding, with a few standing in the guard position—head erect, bill aloft and probing for danger. A guide like Matt Walsh, who works out of Chestertown, Md., will lease perhaps six fields and set out as many as 3,000 decoys. In each field he builds a blind or a pit, which is located with its back to the prevailing winds so that when the geese come in to land they will usually be moving toward the gunners.

"They are clever birds," says Walsh, a short, wide, infinitely hopeful man whose family has gunned wildfowl on the peninsula since time immemorial. "Sometimes I think they're as smart as a dog. You can see them looking over the decoy set and just shaking their heads. The old gander, the guy that leads the pack, he just flat don't like it. But you get a kick out of that anyway, even though a good look is mighty thin soup."

"Goozin'" — with Matt Walsh or with one of his several assistants is a long day, but inevitably exciting. The rendezvous occurs before dawn in Bud's Restaurant and Raw Bar on the outskirts of Chestertown. Matt circulates around the tables, hearty and hopeful, stopping to meet his customers (as many as 40 a day),

continued

The most advanced 19" picture diagonal in the world.

Someday, every color TV may have a picture tube like it. But, today, Magnavox has it: the first precision in-line color picture tube ever put in a 19" (diagonal) portable. And Magnavox has it in 17" (diagonal), too.

Unlike conventional picture tubes, which use phosphor dots to form images on their screens, the in-line picture tube uses vertical phosphor lines.



What a difference lines make!

Pictures are crisp, sharp, astonishingly bright. Because the in-line tube's design allows more electrons through to hit the phosphor lines.

We added thin black stripes between the phosphor lines for even greater brightness and color contrast.

So colors are vivid, true to hue.

And they'll stay that way. The parts that control color purity and dynamic electron-beam convergence are locked into place at the factory to virtually eliminate service adjustments. In fact, the in-line system simply has fewer parts to go wrong.

Slimmer, lighter, too.

The in-line tube is also shorter and lighter than ordinary picture tubes. For a slimmer and trimmer portable.

Yet, remarkable as it is, the in-line tube is just part of the exclusive Videomatic Color System from Magnavox. Here's more:

Adjusts its own picture to changing roomlight—automatically!

Magnavox Color TV actually sees changes in light conditions and automatically adjusts its own brightness, color, tint, and contrast. You get sharp, true color in any room, any light, any time.

100% solid-state for reliability. 100% testing to make sure.

The in-line tube is the only tube Magnavox Videomatic color portables have. We've replaced all the other tubes with modular 100% solid-state

circuits for reliability and on-the-spot plug-in service.

We also subject every 100% solid-state color TV to 24 continuous hours of in-use testing. And, of the five leading makers of solid-state sets, we're the only one to do that. (We want every Magnavox to work perfectly in our place before it gets to your place.)

One-button tuning. Of course.

The most-complete, most-automatic one-button color tuning system you can buy. Period.

It all adds up to Videomatic Color TV.

Exclusively from Magnavox. When it comes to color portables, the picture has changed. See for yourself at your Magnavox dealer. We can't make it any clearer than that.



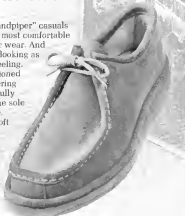
One-button Videomatic Color TV. Only from Magnavox.



What a difference watching a Magnavox.

Get away from it all in style.

After Hours' "Sandpiper" casuals may well be the most comfortable shoes you'll ever wear. And they're as great looking as they are great feeling. Uppers are fashioned from foot-pampering suede, and are fully leather-lined. The sole is cushion crepe. Innersoles are soft sponge cushion. Two colors: wet sand suede, dark brown suede. About \$27.50.



AFTER HOURS

Johnston & Murphy A Division of Genesco © The Apparel Company Nashville Tennessee

VW is more money than Duster.
Duster is considerably more car than VW.
VW seats four.
Duster seats five.
Duster has three times as much trunk space as VW.
Duster delivers about twice as much horsepower as VW.
And it has more weight, wheelbase and width.
So, when you buy a Duster instead of a VW you get more.
And pay less.



Plymouth Duster.

Extra care in engineering... It makes a difference.



WILD GOOSE continued

filling out license forms, introducing his assistants and talking with each party about their blind sites and the prospects for their day.

"Oh yeah, looks like they'll be movin' today. Ain't gonna be no bluebird weather this week. nothin' to keep 'em out of the corn. Not much moon, you notice. No sir. They didn't feed last night. They'll be flyin' all right. Sure, I'll have a cup of coffee."

The ride out to the setup is spooky, with the flat, fog-ridden terrain broken here and there by the sudden irruption of an antebellum plantation caught in the headlights, like the South rising again to haunt the American conscience. Tall, gaunt houses set in the middle of nowhere, weathered by salt winds and history, a single yellow light glowing in the middle of that harsh darkness—Miss Rosemary recalling dead loves? Now and then a fox crosses the road, his eyes like tiny bolts of swamp fire. One recalls the slaughters on the peninsula. Big Ben Butler, and so many dead, to no avail.

The walk to the blind is quiet with dew and dead grass. The air tastes sweet. The weight of the gun over the shoulder adds to the weight of early-morning legs. The gun barrel is oily, cold, beaded with the sweat of the chilly salt air, dead now in the end of the night, but the foresight catches against the edge of one's palm and the base of it—and its promise, the big honker hung there sometime in the near future, fear in its eyes—eases the cold, indeed sends a shiver of heat clear down to those clammy toes that now are eager to rest in the mud of the goose blind.

Damned cold in the blind. Only the looming shapes of the decoys to lend hope to the day. Then, again, the first light. The rattle of the dry milkweed pods. The distant clamor of the waking, hungry geese. The beagle-pack rise of their voices, and Matt Walsh this time hunkered against the far end of the blind, his eyes sweeping the sky for a tolling flock. The bark of the swarming goose voices turns into a roar, and Matt tenses. He can hear individual wings.

"They're giving us a look," he whispers. A good look. Long seconds pass, as if time itself is frozen. Then...

"Take 'em."

Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!
 Long live *Branta canadensis*.

END

If you've
got it,
give it.

Old Grand-Dad



Head of the Bourbon Family

Was he speeding because he's careless, or because he's a criminal?



Until recently, the only way a trooper could find out was to ask the driver, face to face. But all too often, that cost a trooper his life.

Now, in fifteen states, a trooper simply checks the license number of a suspicious car with those filed in a Sperry Univac® computer. Within seconds, the computer tells him whether or not the car is reported stolen—and perhaps the identity of the

driver if he has a current criminal record.

Any computer can store facts. Sperry's strength is in fast communication. Its unique ability to answer questions in seconds makes the Sperry Univac computer virtually a police special. But crime is not the only problem governments solve with computers.

Right now, Sperry Univac computers are helping state and local governments find missing people,



summon juries, control mosquitoes, count fish, and protect wildlife, to name only a few applications.

Helping governments give more people more services more efficiently is another demonstration of the big idea at Sperry Rand Corporation: Making machines do more, so man can do more. It's the



common purpose that makes Sperry, Sperry New Holland, Sperry Remington, Sperry Univac and Sperry Vickers add up to Sperry Rand Corporation. For more information, write to: The

Chairman of the Board, Sperry Rand Corporation, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.



MAKING MACHINES DO MORE, SO MAN CAN DO MORE.

First Family of Gift Soft Tips

Dashing good looks and smooth, smooth writing.
The Parker 75 Flighter soft tip pen in contemporary brushed stainless steel. \$10.



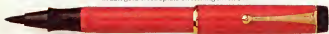
This precious
Parker 75 soft tip
gift pen is wrapped
in solid sterling silver.
Replaceable refills
in four colors.
\$20.



The Parker 75
Imperial soft tip pen
is sheathed in rich
22K gold electroplate.
Monogrammed
and gift boxed
free. \$15.



Vermeil, a princely metal, makes a royal Parker. The Parker 75 soft tip pen
in 22K gold electroplate on sterling silver. \$45



Outlandish, outrageous, outstanding! The big and beautiful Big Red soft tip pen. \$5

 **PARKER**
World's most wanted pens



Life Share!

It's Fun!

To life share is to let a high school student from another culture become part of your family.

It's a way for your family to have a unique experience that will be rewarding, exciting and fun.

Learn how you can invite an AFS scholar into your home.

Learn how to life share.

Write:



**AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE
INTERNATIONAL SCHOLARSHIPS**

313 EAST 43rd ST., NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017

Don't just make them feel good,
make them feel important.

Give the only vodka imported from Russia.



After years of trying, Richard Nixon has finally made it in football. He was elected president of the New York chapter of the Eastern Association of Intercollegiate Football Officials. **L. Richard Nixon**, that is, of the Granby, Conn. Nixons.

You'd hardly expect to find **Bobby Riggs** and **Rosie Casals** together in *Love, American Style*. But there they were, the two biggest mouths of tennis' battle of the sexes, filming a forthcoming segment of the popular television comedy. "We're picked up in a small town and thrown into jail for drag racing," says Casals of the plot. "We have to spend the night together, and we're constantly competing: staring, arm wrestling, eyeball-to-eyeball poker. Next day the judge sentences us to 30 days. Bobby dares him to make it 31. He does. I say, 'Make it 35.' Bobby says two years. I say 15 years. Bobby gets it up to 50 and he wins." Off the plot, sounds like a good idea.

Ohio State's **Woody Hayes**, pledged to secrecy before the official announcement of his team's selection as Big Ten representative at the Rose Bowl, found a way to inform his wife anyway. "I telephoned her and hummed a few bars of *California, Here I Come*," Hayes admitted. "I didn't say a single word, though. I just humed up." Wife probably thought it was one of those heavy breathers who happened to have a musical bent.

Even the biggest linebackers did not scare Bowdoin College's **Dave Caras**, who may be the only halfback this year to be chased by an angry rhinoceros. "Fortunately," says Caras in explaining his all-time broken-field performance, "a rhino's eyesight is not too good, so I got away by dodging between trees and leading him into narrow areas where he couldn't follow." The episode

occurred during a summer job at a big-game exhibit in New Jersey, but did nothing to squash Caras' fascination with endangered—if dangerous—species. Nephew of Roger Caras, a naturalist, wildlife writer and TV showman, Caras says cheetahs are his favorites. "I can sit in their cages and play with them for hours," he says. "They're like big dogs. You have to be a little more careful with leopards, though." Of course.

◆ On the face of it, **Ado Steinmetz** did not seem an entirely implausible candidate for a Rhodes scholarship. The 21-year-old LaSalle College senior earned a 3.88 grade-point average as a German major, was outstanding in four sports (basketball, tennis, volleyball and field hockey), was self-taught in Latin and fluent in Spanish, worked as a photographer for the college yearbook, was elected resident dorm adviser, had already done some graduate work and was called "a terrific leader with a lot of enthusiasm" by sponsoring LaSalle Golf Coach Jack Connors. The Rhodes people politely

returned the application, noting that the published rules of eligibility were not satisfied. One criterion that the committee refrained from mentioning was that a recipient should possess "qualities of manhood." Score a zero for the would-be Rhodes scholar on that test.

★ Look out, Captain Hook. **Cathy Rigby**, the pretty blonde U.S. Olympic gymnast, has been signed to play the role of Peter Pan in a huge, extravagantly staged musical version of the old classic. Produced by NBC, *Peter Pan* will tour 42 cities as a live show, playing the biggest arenas, with a cast of over 100 and complete staging of *Never Never Land*. The director interviewed 1,000 actresses for the starring role of "the boy who wouldn't grow up" before settling on Cathy, who can almost do those flying scenes without wires. Still, one wonders if Rigby is not meatat. At 93 pounds and 4' 11½" she would have made a perfect Tinker Bell.

Retired American League Umpire **Enniett Ashford**, the first black to ump in the majors, recalled the story of how Leo O'Rocher tested him in an exhibition game in Ashford's first year. On a disputed play, O'Rocher told Ashford to "get some help" from another umpire, John Rice, who is white. Rice told Ashford he had made the right call.

"Well, what have we got?" O'Rocher asked when Ashford came back. "You got it in black and white," Ashford said gleefully.

Adeline Daley, writer for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, says that free nurseries are largely responsible for the boom in women's participation in certain sports. "I would have gone out for polo, roller derby, drag racing, motorcycleing, scuba diving or six-day bicycle riding if they



offered free nurseries," she says. "The one drawback is that they insist mothers make all diaper changes. I ask you, can you imagine Rick Barry at the free-throw line or Jack Nicklaus at the U.S. Open ready to sink a putt for \$100,000, and being called over the public-address system to come to the nursery immediately to change baby?"

Football is gaining popularity in Japan. The rising fervor may be gauged by the fact that the owner and manager of the Osaka Sidewinders, **Tatsuhiko Mori**, has a son named **Unkas Mori**.

Kay Albert, wife of Towson State College Football Coach **Phil Albert**, says that her husband is normally fairly neat but that he's a sinner to clean up after during the football season. "Phil is always writing football plays on little scraps of paper," she explains. "On napkins, on everything. I go around all day finding little slips with X's and O's on them. I'm afraid to throw them away. Knowing my luck, it would probably be the game plan for Saturday."



Two mighty O.K. Okies

Oklahoma. Land rushes, oil rushes and fullback rushes. I never met a football man I didn't like, or an oil well. If it can't block, tackle and get down and grunt like a fatty in a buffet line, Okies claim it's probably weird. Their legends come in shoulder pads, or sayin' interestin' stuff like ol' Will Rogers did. Great game, Bud. Certainly is, Chris.

Oh, there have been a couple of baseball players from the state. Mickey Mantle, Bobby Murcer, Johnny Bench. And genuine cinema stars like Van Heflin and James Garner. Yet old Henry Iba is the only man who ever interested them in basketball very much, and he's been gone a while now.

But the times, they are a-changin'. Oklahoma now has not one but two outstanding, legitimate, potential All-Amer-

ica basketball players for the first time since the invention of television. Together they are the hottest pair since Little Fauss and Big Halsy went through the area, and have about the same dimensions. The puny one is Willie Biles of Tulsa, a 6'3" guard who likes nothing better than a meal of vegetables and ice cream topped off by a 40-point night. The big 'un is 6'9" sophomore Alvan Adams out of the University of Oklahoma. He does magic tricks both on and off the court and opponents wish he would make himself disappear. The two sensations have Oklahoma folks running out to tack up a basket on the backyard derrick.

The two of them started their season's serious operation last Friday night in Oklahoma City in the Big Four double-header at the Myriad Center. The bill was

a basketball extravaganza between the state's four major universities, and B&A gave every indication that they were going to have another big year. In between yawns Adams scored 12 points and had 13 rebounds, and Oklahoma had an 87-68 victory over Oklahoma City. Alvan spent the summer playing against the Russians and the Chinese and he admitted that the return to college competition was a bit tedious, although his passing and defense were still up to the standard that made him Big Eight Player of the Year in his freshman season. Biles, meanwhile, was trying out a novel image last week, and, like a suit of new clothes, it will need alterations. Willie scored 19 points but Tulsa sputtered to an embarrassing 72-54 loss to Oklahoma State.

Although similar in appeal, Biles and Adams are separated by a chasm of diverse cultural and environmental backgrounds. Willie Biles, one of 12 children, was raised in a small black community on the southeast fringe of Memphis, Tenn., and likes to remind people that he was the only athlete from his high school ever to go away to college and stay there. He never learned to enjoy the rich taste of steak, part of the reason he is considering becoming a vegetarian. Even today steak makes him sick.

Biles is best typified by that comical creation of Cheech & Chong's underground humor, Basketball Jones, who wants nothing more than to hit the open man and get a peek at the free-throw line of life. Last year Biles showed up for practice with shortly cropped hair. "Keeping an Afro neat takes a lot of time," he explained. "I didn't want to take the time away from basketball."

Adams is an honor student who graduated at the head of his 900-member high school class in Oklahoma City. He is wavering between a career in basketball and one in medicine. At least one pro basketball general manager has called him "the best college freshman I ever saw," and the Utah Stars drafted him and dangled a big contract at the end of last season. In his debut with the Sooners he scored 34 points and set a school rebounding record with 28 and went on to be second in the conference in rebounding, also averaging 22 points a game. He shot 55% from the floor, and after he broke his wrist and had to sit out the final five games he moved to the sideline as the team's radio color man. His teammates call themselves The Adams Fam-

continued



SHAKING HIS LETHARGY, ADAMS GOES TO THE BASKET AGAINST OKLAHOMA CITY

Ford Mustang II. The right car at the right time.



MUSTANG II GHIA.



Mustang II is a small car. About 19 inches smaller than last year's Mustang. It's even a bit smaller than the original Mustang of ten years ago.

Yet, Mustang II offers real luxury, plus a level of jewel-like quality you probably never expected to find in a small car.

A new level of luxury. Standard.

- ☐ An incredible interior with individual seats, full-width headrests, deep padded doors, thick cut-pile carpeting front and rear, and even on the lower door.



- ☐ A glassy-smooth four-speed transmission; short throw, fully synchronized.
- ☐ A lively but thrifty four-cylinder overhead cam engine.
- ☐ Front disc brakes.
- ☐ Rack-and-pinion steering.



- ☐ Beautifully functional instrument panel (above) with tachometer.
- ☐ A unique new suspension designed to ride more like a luxury car than a small car.
- ☐ Jewel-like decor and finish everywhere—an example: the extra bright moldings around windows and wheel openings.

The closer you look, the better it looks.

Build your own personal luxury car.

You get four models to choose from: 2-door hardtop and Ghia; a 3-door 2 + 2 model; and the sporty Mach 1.



THREE-DOOR 2+2 MODEL.

patterns, 25-ounce cut-pile carpeting, special door panel with courtesy lights, and more.

- ☐ An exciting 2.8 liter V-6 engine.
- ☐ Power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering.
- ☐ Competition suspension.
- ☐ A handsome digital clock.
- ☐ A breezy little sun roof.

Mustang II. A whole new kind of car.

It adds up to a remarkable value.

Yet with all this luxury and quality, Mustang II still carries an economical small-car price.

See your Ford Dealer.



TWO-DOOR HARDTOP

\$2895

Sticker price for base 2-door hardtop, excluding dealer prep, destination charges, title and taxes. Car shown is equipped with optional white sidewall tires (\$29), pin striping (\$13), rocker panel molding (\$13), vinyl roof (\$50).

FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION



And here are some of the many exciting options:

Special luxury interiors, featuring elegant seat fabrics and

White rum. For a traditional eggnog.



Taste how light a traditional eggnog can be when you make it with clear, white rum from Puerto Rico.

Just beat 12 egg yolks till light. Beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. sugar till thick. Stir in 1-quart milk and a fifth of white Puerto Rican rum (or gold Puerto Rican rum if you're a *strut* traditionalist). Chill 3 hours. Pour into punch bowl. Top with nutmeg.

Or simply combine 12-oz. white (or gold) rum with a quart of prepared eggnog mix. Now you've got it!

Or an untraditional martini.



Everyone knows a martini is made with gin or vodka. What else is there?

There's clenz, white rum from Puerto Rico. Light because no aromatic flavorings are added. Smooth because it's aged in oak casks for a full year—by Puerto Rican law.

Try a whole week of holiday martinis—made with our white rum. We'll bet it becomes a tradition.

PUERTO RICAN RUM



For free recipe book write: Puerto Rican Rum, Dept. C-4, 3250 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019

**Now that you're a pipe person
settle down for good at our House.**



House of Edgeworth



ily. A group of local high school students clusters in the stands at home games wearing red helmets and lettered T-shirts. They are Alvan's Army.

On a night before the Big Four doubleheader, their commander-in-chief was outside when a shooting star streaked across the sky.

"Maybe that's the new comet," someone remarked.

"No," Adams corrected. "The comet Kobowiek won't be visible until the end of the first week of December. You will be able to see it through the 15th of January, with best visibility just before sunrise, and at times its path will stretch across one-sixth of the sky. The comet is composed of vaporized gas. . . ."

"Uh, thanks, Alvan."

Watching him on the floor you might wonder what sort of juicer Alvan Adams runs on. Perhaps he is an escapee from *Waxworld*, or made by Mattel. He never shows any emotion; he didn't even after he suffered the broken wrist against Missouri last February. Earlier in that game he had been knocked unconscious. Opponents always double-team him, and frequently he looks like a statue with pigeons roosting on it.

Adams' demeanor, like Biles', is so low-key that other teams must feel an urge to check his pulse. "If he has any weakness, it's that he finds the competition too boring at times," says Joe Ramsey, who stepped in as OU coach after Lester Lane suffered a fatal heart attack in September.

Against Oklahoma City last Friday Adams' modulation was set at such a low pitch that he took only one shot in the game's first 11 minutes.

"I just wasn't ready for the game," Alvan admitted. "Riding down here on the bus I noticed that I wasn't nervous about anything." A few nights before, in an exhibition game with Yugoslavia's touring national team, Adams scored 30 points against Kreimir Cosic, an outstanding player during his college career at Brigham Young.

Frequently Adams is downfloor to finish off the fast break, and against Oklahoma City his defensive timing was so sharp that he blocked several shots. Like Biles, Adams is a pure shooter. In high school he hit 72% of his shots, the kind of statistic that reads as if the player were shooting practice layups.

Adams, with the coordination and grace of a sprinter, is a highly versatile

athlete. He was on his high school tennis team and was engrossed in baseball until he grew too tall to bend over for ground balls. He plays golf, is a movie fanatic—favoring Clint Eastwood Westerns—likes soft rock music in the fashion of Cat Stevens, dabbles in magic and card tricks and has a 3.5 academic average coupled with an aversion to studying. "I'm not a brain," he protests. "I can just cram and memorize better than most people." His biggest abnormality is that he wears a size 17 sneaker on one foot, a size 16 on the other.

When Adams arrived at Oklahoma, his big ambition was to make the varsity as a freshman. So he wound up the team's leading scorer and rebounder in all but four games, and Oklahoma finished at 18-8. There is a new basketball arena under construction to replace the dismal 4,700-seat current facility (using Adams in the OU Old Field House is like displaying a diamond in a brass setting) and the Sooners are talking about chances for their first Big Eight basketball title.

With Willie Biles, Tulsa also is thinking big. Last year he was the first Missouri Valley Conference player in 13 years to average more than 30 points, hitting at a 44-per-game clip in the final six games. Before Oklahoma State last week, Biles guessed that with the addition of junior college transfers Zack Jones and Grasshopper Smith, plus the return of All-Conference Center Sammy High, he would not have to score as much.

Biles' new concept of himself did not do much for the Golden Hurricane. Tulsa came to town swaggering and ready for a big victory and went away chastened. The ignominious performance was best characterized by their statistics from the free-throw line: four for 15. "I felt so bad shooting the ball that I almost wished I wouldn't have been open so much," Biles moaned.

His shooting style is decidedly unorthodox—legs splayed, body lurching forward, the ball released off his palm instead of fingers—but definitely efficient.

"I can shoot better with somebody on me and when I'm off balance," he says. "I just aim right over them." In a game against North Texas State last year he had a stretch where he made 20 of 25 shots. With Tulsa trailing by 18 in the second half against Drake, Biles made eight of nine shots in the last five minutes and Tulsa won by a point. He won another game with a last-second shot

against St. Louis. For these and other extraordinary feats he has earned the nickname Ice Man.

"It doesn't matter how you guard him," says Sammy High. "Everybody did a good job on him last year. But it didn't make any difference. Against North Texas he went up, I heard a slap when they hit on him and then a swish when he hit on them."

That seems to be the style in Oklahoma. Sticks and stones may break their bones but Biles and Adams will probably beat you. People never knew basketball could be so much fun.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST Michigan State traveled to Central Michigan, where the Spartans led by just one point with two minutes to go. Then Mike Robinson got busy, put in seven quick points to bring his total to 36 and gave the Spartans a 78-70 win. Kim and Kerry (Double Trouble) Hughes, 6'11" twins, helped Wisconsin manhandle Rollins 77-55. Kim had 21 points, 12 rebounds and blocked eight shots, while Kerry added 14 points and 14 rebounds. Southern Illinois fell to Michigan 86-74 as Campy Russell had 29 points. Indiana made 33 errors but smothered The Citadel 74-55, and Purdue beat Southern Illinois-Edwardsville 117-71. Even Big Ten doormat Northwestern won, surprising Ohio U. 83-81. Northwestern's new coach, Tex Winter, made do without his scholastically shaky center, Jim Wallace. Instead, Bryan Ashbaugh, who got 19 points, and junior college transfer Willie Williams, who scored 18, brought the Wildcats from behind and offset the 31 put in by OU's Walter Luckett.

Notre Dame gambled past Valparaiso 112-62, using numerous freshmen on route. Six of them scored 46 points, with Adrian Dantley's 16 in 25 minutes topping the list.

SMU held off Missouri 77-73 as Ira Tereill put in 28 points, but Texas went down before Mississippi 75-59. Freshman Norm Cook hit on all 10 of his field goal tries, had 21 points and helped Kansas beat Murray State 103-71. Kansas State, with Larry Williams sinking eight of 12 second-half shots, downed Utah 87-82. And Iowa State beat Western Illinois 84-81 as Herdie (Poison) Ivy popped in 28 points.

1. INDIANA (5-0) 2. NOTRE DAME (5-0)

continued



We modified the classic Cross design — ever so slightly — to suit her exclusive requirements. Cross Ladies' Classic Writing Instruments, styled with an air of feminine elegance and crafted with traditional Cross quality. A truly fashionable and distinctive pen and pencil unmatched in their clean, slender lines and perfect writing balance.

CROSS
SINCE 1846

In 14 karat gold filled or sterling silver with a protective top grain leather Pen Purse®.
Suggested retail prices — Set \$26.00, Pen or Pencil \$13.00

EAST If there was an energy crisis in upstate New York, pisk-up Syracuse was unaware of it. Using a full-throttle offense the Orange outdistanced Buffalo 123-78 for their 34th straight home win. Dennis DuVal led the scoring with 26 points. At St. Bonaventure it was Bill Moore providing the fuel—17 points and several late-game steals—as the Bonnies overcame Illinois Wesleyan 83-75. Canisius' energizer was Larry Fogle, who had 35 points and 23 rebounds in an 89-74 triumph over Gannon.

Philadelphia's Big Five all won. Most impressive were 50-point winners Penn (93-63) over New Hampshire with Ron Haigler scoring 20 points and LaSalle (87-37) over Lehigh as 6' 10" sophomore Joe Bryant got 19 points and 13 rebounds. St. Joseph's did not allow Army a point during the first seven minutes of a 65-34 victory. Villanova, with Tom Melchioni (brother of the Nets' Bill) pumping in critical points, put down Richmond 71-58. Temple committed 34 turnovers, yet beat West Chester 79-66.

Brown took care of Rhode Island 76-67, Princeton stopped Fordham 69-44 and Columbia defeated CCNY 49-38. Other Ivy League teams succumbed meekly: Dartmouth to Holy Cross 81-70, Yale to Connecticut 102-88, Cornell to Rochester 78-59 and Harvard to Massachusetts 74-65. West Virginia put down Pitt 82-78 and Dequesne toyed with Wheeling 85-33.

1. PROVIDENCE (9-0) 2. SYRACUSE (3-0)

WEST While UCLA's Wooden soldiers narrowly averted disaster (page 22), costown USC was scoring a 100-76 victory over Arizona, a 101-80 victor over Illinois earlier in the week. Not long ago Trojan Coach Bob Boyd was so pleased with Guard Gus Williams that he said, "I wish I could freeze him until the season begins." Well thawed, Williams led USC past the Wildcats by sinking 14 of 26 shots for 29 points.

Three highly regarded teams were jolted at home—Stanford, Oregon and Nevada-Las Vegas. Pete Padgett, son of the coach at the other Nevada (Reno) dropped in 17 of his 20 points in the second half of a 76-69 shocker at Palo Alto. Montana State picked up the game's final eight points and sank the Ducks 75-72. And William Johnson (25 points) and Rick Bullock (23) rattled Texas Tech from a 13-point deficit in the closing 15 minutes to blackjack Las Vegas 82-76. Earlier, Tech lost to Fresno State 76-91.

With six seconds to go Doug Richards of Brigham Young heaved the ball 30 feet. Into the basket it went and the Cougars nipped Weber State 77-76. Next night, with a full 18 seconds left, Richards tossed up a jumper from 20 feet. This one went in, too, and BYU won again by a point, 83-82, over Idaho State. One of only two regulars back from

last season, Richards had 56 points in the two games. Len Orr flipped in 50 points as Denver won twice, 71-64 over Colorado State and 83-73 over Idaho State. Utah State also won twice, over Trinity 76-67 and Deane 93-69—and Jim Boatwright needed 48 points while Jimmy Moore got 35 rebounds.

With Wendell Taylor stealing and feeding and its full-court press working, New Mexico stymied New Mexico State 75-66. Hawaii's new coach, Bruce O'Neil, came up with an 82-69 victory over South Alabama in his first outing. Kevin Restani, down 15 pounds to 224, slinked in for 22 rebounds and 20 points as San Francisco finished off San Diego 76-60.

1. UCLA (2-0) 2. SAN FRANCISCO (1-0)

SOUTH Clemson Coach Tates Locke was all smiles over his new freelance offense and a tree Locke, who abandoned his deliberate style of play, watched his Tigers take the IPTAY Invitational at home by beating Auburn 87-72 and then, in the finale, stopping St. John's 68-58. MVP of the tournament was Wayne (Tree) Rollins, a 7' 1" Tiger freshman who scored just six points in the opener but was devastating against the Redmen, putting in 22 points, grabbing 20 rebounds and blocking nine shots. Favored Jacksonville, loser to St. John's in the first round 69-64, salvaged third place by polishing off Auburn 90-78.

Playing a tight man-to-man, Cincinnati forced Louisville into 29 giveaways and picked up a 65-58 upset win. In charge of the Bearcat offense was Lloyd Battis, who scored 22 points.

Despite having Louis Dunbar and Maurice Presley in early foul trouble, Houston trailed North Carolina by only 46-44 at half-time. But then the two Cougars fouled out and the Tarheels, with Bobby Jones hauling in 14 rebounds and getting 21 points, pulled away for a 97-74 win. Kentucky, too, surged at the end. Leading Miami of Ohio by one point with 14 minutes to go, the Wildcats went into a 1-3-1 zone and came away with an 81-68 victory. Kevin Grevey topped the Wildcat scorers with 29 points.

"I think they were going on last year's scouting report when we couldn't throw a bucket in the ocean from outside," said Florida State Coach Hugh Durham after beating Hofstra 92-63. Time after time the Seminoles, who always had at least three freshmen or sophomores in the lineup, made good on long-range attempts.

John Snow and Ernie Grunfeld each had 28 points as Tennessee squashed North Texas State 80-71, but it was Grunfeld who got most of the accolades. The 6' 5" freshman from New York sank 11 of 22 shots and had 19 second-half points.

1. N.C. STATE (2-0) 2. N.C. (1-0)

Be ready for that one radiant smile. All you need is the holiday spirit and a camera that won't slow you down. A Minolta SR-T.

This is a 35mm reflex you'll be comfortable with from the moment you pick it up. It lets you concentrate on the picture because the viewfinder shows all the information you need for focusing and correct exposure. You never have to look away from the finder to adjust a Minolta SR-T, so you're ready to catch the photograph that could never be taken again.

And when subjects call for a different perspective, Minolta SR-T cameras accept a complete system of interchangeable lenses from "fisheye" wide angle to super-telephoto.

Christmas smiles come but once a year. Be ready for them with a Minolta SR-T. For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.O.



Minolta SR-T 102 / Minolta SR-T 101

Minolta helps you capture the smiles of Christmas.



When identified by a factory sealed "M" tag, Minolta 35mm reflex cameras are warranted by Minolta Corp. against defects in workmanship and materials for two years from date of purchase, excluding user-inflicted damage. The camera will be serviced at no charge provided it is returned within the warranty period, prepaid, securely packaged, including \$2.00 for mailing, handling and insurance.

4 cold, calculated reasons to buy Quatrecolor™

Choosing a color TV is no spur-of-the-moment decision. You need some pretty strong reasons to pick one set over another.

Like the Quatrecolor™ modular chassis that makes servicing quick and easy. Because 75% of all our circuitry is built onto 5 circuit boards.

In fact, the National Electronics Association rated the Quatrecolor CT-701 as the easiest to service of all color televisions they tested in print through June 1973.

Of course, we want those service calls to be few and far between. So we engineer every Quatrecolor set with 100% solid-

state circuitry. To run cooler and last longer. Because the only tube is the picture tube.

And what a picture tube. We call it Pann-Matrix™. It surrounds each color dot with a black background. So you get bright, vivid colors. And a sharp picture.

And you don't have to worry about drops or surges in voltage ruining the picture. Because Quatrecolor has a special automatic voltage regulator circuit with SCR (Silicon Control Rectifier) that maintains the correct voltage level.

You won't have to fiddle with a bunch of knobs to keep the

picture beautiful, either. Because Panasonic gives you Q-Lock. One button that electronically controls color, tint, contrast and brightness.

And Q-Lock's active color and tint circuits automatically seek out and maintain the best color picture. Even when you change channels, or atmospheric conditions affect the signal.

Quatrecolor. From 17" portables up to 25" consoles (measured diagonally).

After all we put into them, you owe it to yourself to go see the picture that comes out of them.



and 8 more that just look nice.



Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

300 Park Avenue, New York 10017.

In like Flynn in the flinty old T-6

Air racing is alive and as well as can be expected for a sport that almost died of neglect back in the early 1960s. In fact, the recent Texas National Air Races, sixth and final stop on this year's tour, were staged in a fitting sort of Old Home Week atmosphere: the sport came back to the pasturand where it got its start, when pilots often used a couple of handy barns as pylons.

This time the racers assembled on a ranch a few miles from Graham, Texas, and the pylons were set along the floor of a small valley, a perfect amphitheater that could have held many more than the 4,000 or so enthusiasts who showed up. Still, many of the spectators had demonstrated laudable expertise and courage themselves by flying in through the drizzle and low ceilings. Their main interest was in the event that would decide the national championship in the T-6 class. The leader was Bill Turnbull, who had won at Reno earlier, closely followed by John Mosby and Roy McClain. Unfortunately, Mosby had come up with equipment trouble and couldn't make it. But Turnbull, from Lewisville, Texas,

and McClain, from Eufrata, Ala., were in good shape.

There are four basic classes of airplanes in racing: Formula 1 (midjets), Unlimited, Sports Biplane and the T-6. Many experts insist that the T-6 class has to be the most exciting since the other three invariably produce a wide degree of performance among the various aircraft, which makes for some dull races. The T-6, however, is a basic stock model in a sense and only so much can be done to it. That means the best pilot usually wins—and that is the way air racing ought to be. The T-6 is the old Army AT-6 or Navy-Marine Corps SNJ, the trainer in which so many World War II pilots learned to fly. A lot of the centers were produced and a lot were sold as surplus aircraft to civilians. And any time you get enough of anything that's fast and can be steered, you're going to end up with races—and that's how the T-6 class came to be. As a bird it is sturdy, with one of those enduring designs, and it packs a lot of horsepower. For those who don't know much about aircraft, the T-6 is the plane Errol Flynn was always

flying in all those cadet movies when he was winning his wings. Occasionally it would become a Japanese Zero simply by adding meatballs to the fuselage and wings.

It is further fitting that the T-6 should have found its last home in racing, because it was from racing that it sprang. When the war came along, the fighter and training planes that were produced came directly from racing technology developed during the '20s and '30s. The T-6 was as much a primary design as any plane in the war and looks like a lengthened version of the little, sturdy low-winged monoplanes that ate up the competition back in the days when pilots wore riding breeches and white silk scarves.

When the racing began, Turnbull won his domination heat easily, but McClain threw a prop spinner on the fifth lap of his six-lap heat. The effect on McClain was minimal, since he had such a large lead—but the incident almost cost second place for Jim Mott, known affectionately as the Black Knight of Carson, Calif. Mott had been dueling hot and

continued



TUNED TO ITS LUSTRIER ROAR, THE STOCK T-6 HAS TAKEN ON A NEW—AND RACIER—ROLE

heavy with Cal Earley of Houston and, flying the high groove on top, he had spotted the object flying off McClain's craft. He got right on his mike and yelled, "Hey, Twenty-Five, something just fell off your plane! You better get that thing on the ground!"

But McClain had realized what had happened and, other than cutting back on power to reduce vibration, he never paused as he screamed through the last lap. Unfortunately, Mott had been turning a pylon when his attention had been diverted—and he yawned so widely that Earley was able to take back second spot temporarily.

The racing course at Graham was 3½ miles around, offering six pylons set in a sort of oblong pattern. The pylons were 50 feet high and a judge lay under each, sighting up to see if any part of a plane cut inside. Such an infraction brings a penalty of a full lap, which is the same as finishing last. The planes compete at speeds of 215 to 220 mph and when they're barreling around the pylons, cocked up in 80- or 90-degree banks, the low wing of the airplane is sometimes only 10 or 15 feet off the ground. It seems an invitation to tear up an airplane and to prove just how really fragile is human flesh. The only thing that makes it possible is the supreme skill of the pilots. A T-6 is a large, heavy thing. It weighs around 7,500 pounds and if one then takes that very same large thing and installs an engine so that it will go 200 mph and then starts flying it around in a tight circle just a few feet off the ground, one has got a dangerous pastime. Now add five more of these things on the merry-go-round and you've got a ridiculous situation. Race cars are involved with only two dimensions of movement; side to side and front to back. In air racing one has a third dimension, up and down, and there is as likely to be another plane on top or below you as one by your side. Nearly all of the racers are professional pilots of one form or another; many are airline pilots, many are crop dusters, all have an immense number of air hours in aerobatics and precision flying.

All the pilots belong to the Professional Race Pilots Association. It would seem to be professional only by degree, since no one can presently make a living off the tour. The victor at Graham, if he also won his elimination heat, would get only about \$2,500. The purses at the Reno and Mojave races had been only slightly high-

er. This isn't nearly enough considering the cost of the airplane (about \$20,000), maintenance, travel and crew expenses. But Jack Lowers, the PRPA vice-president, says, "I think the day is coming when a pilot can make it racing. I wouldn't have believed this four years ago, or even two, but I can see the interest picking up. We had 35,000 people out one of the days at the meet in Reno. The word has just got to get around that air racing is back. People will come. It's a great show."

Meanwhile, they used the air-start at Graham. In this form, a pace plane brings the contestants down to the start/finish in a parallel line. When he thinks they are even, the pace pilot says, "You have a race"—and then pulls sharply upward. When the starter turned loose the finalists at Graham, McClain got his throttle firewalled an instant before Turnbull and that—combined with his pole position—allowed him to take a half a plane lead as they screamed in on the first pylon. There, Ralph Rina got around Turnbull, which dropped Turnbull to third, with Ralph Twombly holding fourth, Bob Metcalfe fifth and Jim Mott in last place. They held this stance for one lap, roaring down the straight, their engines taking on different tones as they flung the aircraft into the severe banks around the pylons. At the No. 1 pylon on the second lap, Turnbull passed Rina at the same spot where Rina had passed him before. This put Rina back in third. At almost the same time, Metcalfe passed Twombly, who was now in fifth, ahead of Mott. But Mott, using his accustomed high groove, inched his nose forward over the tail of Twombly and was calculating moving into fifth position coming off the pylon before the backstretch. Up front, Metcalfe had got around Rina to take third. But McClain and Turnbull seemed locked together as they flew down the straights and swept around the pylons, Turnbull just above and a few feet outside of his rival.

Looking up, McClain could see the underbelly of Turnbull's silver plane, seemingly close enough to touch. He was hoping he could creep forward just a few feet more. If he could, his prop wash would slow Turnbull down and force him to either go higher or fall in further behind.

Back of them, Mott could tell he was gaining on the leaders, though he knew he was really too far back to do much. Still, he did have about 10 feet of alti-

tude on the field, which could be used for extra speed when he came down the final straight.

As they went through the fifth lap, Turnbull, who had been waiting for McClain to make a mistake, thought he'd finally caught one. It appeared that McClain was getting in tight on the straights and the effect was to singshot him wide on the turns. Turnbull let his own plane edge outward a little, sensing that a time would come when he might dip inside as they banked past a pylon.

In the back, Mott had gotten ahead of Twombly and Rina and was taking aim on Metcalfe. And he still had his altitude. Gripping the stick with a feathery touch, he put the nose over ever so gently. He was going to use his altitude now to catch Metcalfe. Realistically, third was all he could hope for.

Then Turnbull finally found his chance. McClain had gotten in too tight, and as they came up to pylon No. 1 on lap 7 his momentum was carrying him out too wide. Kicking his plane into a dipping bank, Turnbull dropped neatly into the empty space, forcing McClain even farther out. When they came level McClain was behind and out.

As for Mott, the dive from the extra 10 feet of altitude had given him an added five or six mph. He used it to simply dive under Metcalfe, and when he pulled up he was in third place. Turnbull came flashing down the straight .07 of a second ahead of McClain and took the checkered flag from the judge at the base of the home pylon. On the hillside, the crowd was jumping and applauding. Later, Turnbull said, "You know, you do this thing mostly for the thrill. I wish we could hear the crowd when we come dobbing it down the straight with a win." He smiled. "But them big engines just make too damn much noise."

Those who don't go to air races may represent a generation of people who have completely missed out on the romance and thrills of flying. For most folks flying now means walking down a long corridor, being seated by a young lady, eating a steak and drinking a cocktail while the plane climbs on course, flies to the destination and descends on course. There is about as much sensation of flying as riding in an elevator. Air racing, if it makes a comeback, might be able to lend us some of the real feeling. They start the next season at Miami, Jan. 16 through 20.

END



On October 28, 1972,
Emerson Chipps stopped by the
Candlelight Lounge and ordered
a bourbon and soda.

Just as he has every Thursday
evening since 1953.

For 19 years the Candlelight
Lounge served Emerson Chipps,
Early Times.

On October 28, 1972,
they did not.

Goodbye, Mr. Chipps.



Early Times. To know us is to love us.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky • 86 Proof • Early Times Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky ©ETDC 1973



Canada at its best.

Savor this holiday season with the whisky that's the best the north country has to offer. It's the light, smooth whisky that's fast becoming America's favorite Canadian. Imported Canadian Mist. For partying. To give. And to get. It's Canada at its best.

Imported Canadian Mist®

College football danced its last tango Saturday and for the most part everyone kept in step. Winners from Tuscaloosa, South Bend and Norman remained winners, while losers from West Point, Tallahassee and El Paso stayed losers. Some things never change. But happily some do, and thus, after 25 years, Tulane has finally defeated LSU.

Last Saturday was the 14th of the regular season—surely you remember Drake versus New Mexico State on September 1?—a weekend of traditional rivalries, emotional games that often produce unexpected outcomes. But not in the Brag Bowl, as Bear Bryant calls Alabama's game with Auburn. The Crimson Tide won in a romp, 35-0, to hold on to No. 1. Having captured the Governor's Cup, emblematic of the championship of Alabama, the Tide now goes after more glittering hardware in its Sugar Bowl game with Notre Dame. The Irish finished unbeaten also by laying it on overscheduled Miami 44-0.

The paragon of these late-season identity conflicts remains Army-Navy. What other two teams with only three wins between them could attract 92,000 customers and a national television audience? "I couldn't be more excited if I were playing for the national championship," said one Navy player before the game. Afterward, when the Middies had seared Army with the worst setback in their 74 meetings, 51-0, there was no comparable way to measure the Cadets' disappointment. Thoroughly drubbed, Army was saddled with a 0-10 record, its worst ever. "We all feel bad," said Guard Ted Davis. "The Army is supposed to represent something in this country. It's a shame we let it down."

Navy, whose only previous wins had come against VMI, Syracuse and Air Force, took command with a 31-point second quarter. The Middle running game totaled 366 yards with Tailbacks Cleveland Cooper and Ed Gilmore carrying the load. Cooper gained 102 yards and scored three touchdowns; Gilmore had 123 and one TD.

Army's showing this year raised questions about the future of Coach Tom Cahill, whose five-year contract has expired, and the entire structure of academy football. "We're going to take a realistic look at some of the teams we play," says Colonel Jack Schuder, Army's athletic direc-



NAVY'S COOPER SHOWS ARMY SOMETHING IT NEVER HAD—THE BALL IN THE END ZONE

On brave old... arrgh!

Alabama, Notre Dame and Oklahoma won easily, but of all the year-end rivalries, none was more lopsided than Navy's 51-0 pasting of Army

tor. "We are not going to play lots of bowl teams." Four of the Cadets' opponents still have postseason games ahead. "We faced a Mission Impossible schedule," said Cahill. "I think it's important that we maintain a nationally flavored schedule but against teams with whom we can be competitive." Cahill then cited as examples Tulane, Georgia Tech, Vanderbilt, Stanford and Northwestern—all of whom probably would have defeated the Cadets this year also.

As bad as Army was, its record is not the worst. Texas-El Paso lost its 11th straight, 63-0 to Brigham Young. And Florida State, which fell apart at the end of last season and has not been recognizable since, plunged to 0-11 after a 49-0 loss to Florida, the worst defeat in its history. It was the fifth straight win for the Gators, who take a 7-4 record into the Tangerine Bowl against Miami of Ohio. Florida's biggest offensive day of the year

was sparked by the fulltime return to action of Nat Moore, who had missed most of six games with a broken leg. Moore talked the first two scores and rushed for 109 of the Gators' 494 offensive yards.

Remember that wonderful year 1948? Remember Johnny Blinks, "Dewey Wins" and the Berlin Blockade? Remember Tulane 46, LSU 0? The Green Wave was looking back on a quarter century of misery when it met once-beaten and Orange Bowl-bound Louisiana State in New Orleans last week. Tulane's prospects for an upset were not too promising, either, following late-season losses to Kentucky and Maryland that soured an otherwise impressive eight-victory record. But Tulane Coach Benne Ellender, sensing the time had finally come, took a change of clothes to the stadium in anticipation of a postvictory dunking. Tulane got the win, all right, 14-0, and Ellender got his shower. The Wave's second

continued

and unt scored both the touchdowns. A 36-yard pass from Terry Looney to Darwin Wilke put Tulane ahead with only 19 seconds left in the half. Lyndon Lassier smashed over from the one to cap an 80-yard fourth-quarter march that finished the scoring. Tulane intercepted LSU's Mike Miley three times and out-gained the Tiger offense 315 yards to 220. Linebacker Rusty Chambers made 11 solo tackles and assisted on six others. "We just got it kicked out of us tonight," said LSU's Charlie McClellon. "Anybody want an Orange Bowl ticket cheap?"

One hundred of them would not get you end-zone standing room at the New Year's Eve Alabama-Notre Dame clash. For the record, Miami Middle Guard Tony Crisman, who has felt the wrath of both, is picking "Bama because 'they have more outside speed.'" The Hurricane's earlier 43-13 loss to Alabama was not quite as bad as last week's but maybe the Tide did not try as hard. Notre Dame's first wave of attackers was still in there when the score was 38-0 just before the fourth quarter. And the Irish never did call off their defensive dogs. Notre Dame was also fired by reminders of its 40-6 loss to Nebraska on the same Orange Bowl carpet 11 months ago. Ara Parseghian was embarrassed by that one. He called it "disastrous" and said he wanted to "make amends." Running Backs Wayne Bullock (116 yards, two touchdowns), Pete Demmerle (two TDs) and Art Best (92 yards) answered the call.

Auburn was as ill-suited for its game with Alabama as one supporter's fears imagined. "It would take a miracle for us to win," he said. "I know they were also unbeaten when we upset them last year but they are a lot better and we haven't shown much of anything all year." The 12 months since that 17-16 setback have been difficult ones for Alabama. Everywhere a Bear looked there were posters, signs, stickers, graffiti urging "Punt, Bama, Punt"—a slogan born of the two blocked kicks Auburn returned for touchdowns in last year's game. A radio station put the game's highlights on record and sold 20,000 copies. "You live from year to year with this football game," said Auburn's Shug Jordan, "and for Alabama it's been tough. But for us to beat them again would be the biggest upset we've ever had against them."

Despite hanging in gamely through two quarters, when they trailed only

14-0 and had shown surprising offensive promise, the Tigers were all out of miracles. Wilbur Jackson's running and passes catching accounted for 124 yards and one touchdown. A mark of the Tide's depth was the fact that 11 different runners gained 352 yards. The game ended on an interception by an Alabama player not even listed in the program. Somebody named Rhodes.

Afterward it was Bear Bryant's turn to chorale. "It was never a game," he said. "I think I saw a goose egg up there on the scoreboard." Then he added, "I've been sitting here trying to remember a little tune, something about 'Punt, Bama, punt.'"

The song they are singing in Norman, Okla. is "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep." The Sooners concluded an unbeaten season marred only by a 7-7 tie with Southern California by reopening past Oklahoma State 45-18. It is the second year in a row Oklahoma's defense did not give up more than two touchdowns in a single game. Quarterback Steve Davis is talked three for the Sooners, running his Big Eight leading total to 18. Fullback Waymon Clark joined Halfback Joe Washington over the 1,000-yard rushing mark. The last unbeaten Sooner club was Bud Wilkinson's 1956 national champions.

Another team staying at home this holiday season is San Diego State, but that did not stop the unwinvited Aztecs from inaugurating a bowl of their own. Dubbing their finale with Iowa State the "Carnation Bowl," they went out and passed the Big Eight club 41-28. Many of the 38,627 fans came out in formal attire for the occasion. A helicopter dropped carnations at halftime and a hot-air balloonist hovered over one end of the stadium. All the better to watch Jesse Freitas, the nation's passing and total offense champion, complete 19 of 28 attempts for 303 yards and three touchdowns. The Aztecs jumped off to a 28-0 lead, but the Cyclones closed to within a touchdown with 6:45 to go. Then the San Diego State defense tightened and Freitas pitched his 21st scoring pass of the year. That made San Diego State's record 19-2-1 for the past two seasons, giving it both PCAA championships.

Like the Aztecs, Houston is not known for the strength of its schedule. The Cougars had to struggle to defeat Tulsa 35-16, but when it was over the 10-1 record was the best in the school's history.

Houston, which will play Tulane in the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl, trailed 16-0 at halftime. It went ahead 2 1/2 minutes into the fourth quarter when Marshall Johnson raced 42 yards with a pitchout on fourth and seven.

Houston began this season by brushing Rice 24-6 but the Cougars would not recognize their cross-town rivals now. The Owls won their fourth straight game by hurrying Baylor 27-0 to take third place in the Southwest Conference. "Five weeks ago I didn't think I'd be here, much less talking about a third-place finish," said Al Conover. "We suffered every problem known to man this year." Baylor's problems were the usual against Rice: turnovers. The Bears gave up the ball seven times on interceptions and fumbles, just over their five-per-game average.

Texas Christian wanted desperately to win its last game under Billy Tullih, whose dismissal had been announced three weeks ago, but Southern Methodist Quarterback Keith Boho prevented the upset almost singlehandedly. He rushed for three touchdowns, the first a 77-yard gallop, and completed three long passes in a last-ditch drive to set up a winning 22-yard field goal by Clint Hackney with 31 seconds left. It all added up to a 21-19 defeat for Tullih, whose miseries this season began with a near-fatal automobile accident early in the year. "It makes me sick that we couldn't win this one for him," said Quarterback Lee Cook, who completed a scoring pass in a fourth-quarter rally from an 11-point deficit that eventually saw TCU take a momentary lead.

So Tullih is gone, and Georgia Tech's Bill Fulcher, the rumors say, is going Tech. Had a chance to keep Georgia out of the Peach Bowl that the Bulldogs nailed down the bid with a 10-3 victory. A loss would have given the invitation to South Carolina, a notion that prompted Georgia Defensive Coach Lark Russell to say, "I hope Dietzel listened to every play." If he did the South Carolina coach may have been as holed as he was disappointed. The game's only touchdown came on a 12-yard pass from Andy Johnson to Bob Burns in the third quarter, capping a 95-yard drive. The only other scores were first-half field goals by Tech's Cam Bonifay of 26 yards and Georgia's Allan Leavitt of 42 yards. The Bulldogs secured the victory, their sixth against four losses and a tie, by shutting off a deep pen-

etration by the Yellow Jackets in the final minutes. "It isn't much of a trip," said Johnson of the 66-mile ride to Atlanta for the Dec. 28 game with Maryland, "but as frustrating as this season has been, you don't want to see it end without getting another chance to show people how really good we can be. We didn't do it today, but I hope we will in the Peach Bowl."

The highlight of Georgia's season was its 35-31 win over Tennessee four weeks ago. It came after the Volunteers were unsuccessful on a fake punt deep in their own territory late in the game. Coach Bill Battle ordered that one but the one Vanderbilt kicker Barry Burton tried against Tennessee on Saturday was on his own. There were just under three minutes left when it happened and the Volunteers and Commodores were locked in a 17-17 tie. "I froze," said Burton later, who ran instead of kicking on fourth and six at the Vandy 24. "I don't know what got into me. When I finally came to, there was nothing to do but run." He made it only

to the line of scrimmage and four plays later Ricky Townsend's 37-yard field goal gave Gator Bowl-bound Tennessee a 20-17 victory.

Two of the East's outstanding backs had mixed results in their team's final games. J. J. Jennings, the nation's leading scorer with 21 touchdowns, scored once and rushed for 123 yards, but Rutgers was outclassed by Tampa 34-6. Mike Esposito has one more year left at Boston College but he scored his 17th touchdown and rushed for his 2,219th yard to break all-time career records as the Eagles bombed Holy Cross 42-21. Esposito topped the rushing mark by totaling 192 yards in the afternoon's work.

Supermachups like this year's Sugar Bowl are nice but, unfortunately, they are infrequent accidents of scheduling. A lot of unexpected turns had to be taken before a game between a pair of unbeaten, untied teams finally emerged. Right, Woody? Realizing this, the NCAA college division has begun a national championship playoff, using its established

postseason bowls as the format. First-round games were played last week, with Wittenberg and Juniata advancing to the Division III title game in the Amos Alonzo Stagg Bowl. Wittenberg remained unbeaten, holding off the University of San Diego 21-14, while Juniata toppled Bridgeport 35-14.

The stronger Division II teams began with a field of eight. Grambling and Western Kentucky moved on to the Eastern championship game in the Grantland Rice Bowl by respectively knocking off Delaware 17-8 in the Boardwalk Bowl and Lehigh 25-16. The other semifinal, representing the Western championship, will be played in the Pioneer Bowl between Louisiana Tech and Boise State. Tech eliminated Western Illinois 18-13 while Boise bombed South Dakota 53-10. NAIA semifinal games went to Abilene Christian 34-6 over Langston, and Elon 35-24 over Wisconsin-La Crosse. A good system, playoffs. Perhaps the time will come when the major colleges try it.

END

The cube vs. the circle.



Trays are bulky. But the ingenious Bell & Howell Slide Cube cartridges aren't.

How compact is a Slide Cube cartridge?

Packing 40 slides to the cartridge, you can store 640 slides in the same space as a conventional round tray. (Which holds only 80, or 100, or 120.)

And the Slide Cube projectors designed around this revolutionary

concept are a handsome breakthrough, too.

They're compact—only 8"x8"x9". You can preview each slide on a mini-screen before you show it. Some models have remote control and electronic focusing. And lots of other innovative features.

Why don't you preview one of our Slide Cube projectors at your Bell & Howell dealer?

BELL & HOWELL



The Bell & Howell Slide Cube Projector. Simply ingenious.



PRO BASKETBALL / Peter Carr



TEAR COACH GENE SHUE FLASHES A WINNING GRIN WHILE LARRY JONES FLASHES HIS OLD FORM IN A LOSING CAUSE

No phooling, Philly is phabulous

Parlaying a new coach, two new starters and new enthusiasm, the Sixers have already won nine games. This may not seem like much, but it's as many as they won all last season

The man picked up the telephone in his new house in Cherry Hill, N.J. one afternoon last week and heard the caller give his name and immediately ask, "How are you?"

"Terrific. Just terrific," the man answered. "Actually, I'm fabulous, and fabulous is better than terrific."

The man who referred to himself in such glowing terms is the coach of the Philadelphia 76ers, the team that counted its wins on its fingers last year, the club that was destined, it seemed, to be all thumbs again this season, the very same 76ers who went through two coaches and 19 players in 1972-73 on the way to the worst record (9-73) in the history of the NBA—and this October appeared to be ready for worse things. The man is terrifically out of his skull? He is fabulously deranged? No, he is Gene Shue.

Shue would have to be an irrepressible optimist to quit after 6½ successful seasons with the Baltimore Bullets to take over the flailing Philadelphia— which is just what he did last spring—and that is precisely what he is. If Shue has lobar pneumonia, he will say he is OK. If he has an impacted wisdom tooth, he will tell everyone he is great. A little athlete's foot and he is terrific. And

a 101-96 victory over the big, bad Chicago Bulls, like the one the Sixers scored the night before last week's phone call, will leave him flat out fabulous.

Event two evenings later when the 76ers lost 112-110 at Cleveland, Shue began his postmortem with, "It was a terrific game. The teams played just great." The next night, after Philly had beaten the Houston Rockets 108-106 in overtime, he was asked, "Gene, would you say that this game was fabulous?" "You got it," he replied.

All of which is not to say that Shue is merely a cockeyed optimist; he is rather a man who is sure of himself, although not unpleasantly so. And after the things he has wrought in Philadelphia in the past eight weeks, things that everybody in the NBA agrees are nothing short of astonishing, he has good reason to feel pretty good about himself and his team. By defeating the Bulls and Cavs, the 76ers equalled their victory total for all of 1972-73, and they have done it without the dramatic infusion of talent usually needed to turn a wretched club into a respectable one.

Which is not to say there have not been changes. Only five players remain from last season. Gone are such stalwarts as

Manny Leaks and John Q. Tamm and Luther Green, but their replacements hardly have reputations likely to impress either opponents or spectators, who are staying away from the Spectrum in record numbers. "I know all our fans on a personal basis," says Shue.

To begin with, the replacements include three rookies, two of whom—Rod Freeman and Allan Bristow—rarely play. Freeman's performances at Vanderbilt so entranced scouts that he was selected in the 11th round by the NBA and in the seventh round by the NFL, even though he had not played a lick of football since high school. The third rookie is Doug Collins, the 6'6" guard of Olympic foul-shooting fame who was the first man picked in the NBA draft last spring. Collins signed the usual million-dollar contract and promptly fractured the fifth metatarsal in his left foot, thus missing all preseason training. He is playing now, but will not start until Shue figures some way to cure the jitters that make Collins an inappropriate backcourt partner for the Sixers' high-strung high scorer (30.8 points a game), Fred Carter. "Doug is so nervous he makes Freddie look like he's on tranquilizers," says Shue.

continued



Ford LTD Country Squire for '74. When you buy your wagon, make sure you can buy these features.



1. Except vinyl trim and appearance (up front offered with the Squire Luxury Group).



2. Ford's famous 3-way doorgate.



3. Seat's 3-way recline.



4. Steel-belted radial ply tires.



5. Optional power mini-vents.



6. Adjustable roof rack.



7. Standard spare tire extractor.

The closer you look, the better we look.

1. Unexpected wagon luxury is reflected in the split bench seats of super soft vinyl and deep 25 oz. cut pile carpeting. Ford also offers exclusive DuraWeave vinyl trim that looks and breathes like cloth, cleans and wears like vinyl.
2. The Country Squire's convenient 3-way doorgate and power tailgate window are standard. You can have dual-facing rear seats, even a recreation table for the kids.
3. Ford's design lets you convert from passenger to cargo wagon with ease. There's lockable below-deck storage space too, and a cargo area dome light.
4. Power front disc brakes and steel-belted radial ply tires are both standard this year.
5. You can order optional convenience features like power mini-vent windows, dual remote control mirrors and a power tailgate lock.
6. The Country Squire offers an adjustable roof rack that makes it easy to secure your extra cargo. Optional vinyl roof now comes in a variety of colors.
7. Ford's innovative spare tire extractor makes changing less of a chore.

See your Ford Dealer for a closer look at a great family wagon. Ford LTD Country Squire for '74.

Wagonmaster again in '74.
FORD WAGONS

1974 Ford LTD Country Squire shown with optional vinyl roof, vinyl insert body-side moldings, deluxe luggage rack, deluxe wheel covers, GSW tires, Squire Luxury Group and front cornering lamps.

FORD DIVISION



Philadelphia's three other newcomers are all men of experience, much of it, alas, unhappy. Substitute Center Toby Kimball had achieved a measure of fame in the NBA as the league's least brusque player and his fan club in Kansas City last season marched under the banner **BAIRD IS BEAUTIFUL**. No sooner did hairless rookie Slick Watts make the Seattle SuperSonics and rob Kimball of his sole distinction than Kimball was sent, along with an extensive collection of fur hats to keep his dome defrosted, to the 76ers.

Considering that the three Sixers regulars remaining from the 9-73 team are Carter, Forward Tom Van Arsdale—whose previous coach, Bob Cousy, claimed Van had lost his aggressiveness when he traded him last January—and Center Leroy Ellis, an 11-year pro considered too skinny (6'11", 220 pounds) to play his position, the two new Philly starters fit right in. Guard Larry Jones is fresh from being waived by every team in the ABA, and Forward Steve Mix played last season for the Grand Rapids Tackers of the Continental League when he was not spending his nights working in a plant that assembled doors, bumpers and fenders for GM.

All five have been sparkling in recent weeks. This scintillation is in no small measure due to Shue's upbeat and generally calm manner in the face of adversity, his long defensive drills that have helped hold opponents to 10 fewer points a game than last season and his insistence on the fine execution of the tightly patterned offense he has instilled to prevent his team from getting into running and shooting matches with stronger, faster clubs. And the Sixers have benefited from the fact that other teams have yet to realize that Philadelphia is far better coached and more enthusiastic. The Sixers continue to catch opponents looking ahead to next week's game against the Celtics, and a loss to Philadelphia is still a disheartening blow, as Cousy proved when he resigned after his Kings dropped back-to-back games to the Sixers two weeks ago.

But mainly the 76ers have profited from unusual effort on the part of the players. Most of them have embarrassments they are trying to live down, not the least the fact that they all wear the star-spangled 76er uniforms. Shue heightened their competitiveness by

making it clear that on a nine-game winner no player would be guaranteed a job.

"In training camp no one was secure," says Van Arsdale, again a 20-point scorer. "We were all treated like first-year men. It might not have worked if Gene had not been an experienced coach who set up a pattern and told each of us what we were expected to do in it. And he's had the patience to let us prove that we could do what he asked. My goodness, it's worked out great. We're much better than I thought we'd be and it's fun playing again."

Jones and Mix, both University of Toledo alumni, are glad to be playing at all. Going into last season, Jones, a slender, 6'3" outside shooter, was the highest scorer in ABA history, but he was passed from team to team and wound up on the bench of the hapless Chaparrals. Last spring he was waived abruptly from the league. Suspicions linger that his departure was hastened by the fact that he was the founder and president of the ABA Players' Association.

"I was crushed when the ABA waived me," says Jones. "You're 30 and you're over the hill," they told me. I couldn't believe that, but they apparently did because after I cleared waivers not one ABA team gave me a call even to get me to come back for a lower salary. I had to give it another try to see who was right, them or me. I told myself if I didn't make it, I'd forget basketball for good and go back to Ohio State to finish my doctorate in counseling. I'm not crushed anymore; now I see it like they did me a big favor."

While starting eight of the last 10 games, Jones has done the 76ers some very big favors. They have won five times in that span and he has scored in double figures in all but one win. Still, sometime before the end of the season Jones will probably be supplanted by Collins. It may be a long time, however, before anyone moves Mix out of the Sixer lineup. Between 1969 and 1971 he twice won starting jobs with the Pistons but failed to hold them, and early in his third season at Detroit he was cut. He failed in a brief trial with the ABA Rockets and could not survive training camp with the 76ers in 1972. He spent last winter scoring over 30 points per game for Grand Rapids and was invited back to try out with the Philly rookies. He played well

enough to be offered a contract, which did not surprise him at all.

"I never gave up the idea of playing in the pros," Mix says. "When you know you can play and have actually been a starter and you're still only 25 years old, you want to get back. The only thing I needed was a decent chance."

Shue gives Mix more than a decent chance of becoming a topflight power forward for seasons to come. He is built along the lines of Dave DeBusschere and has the same liabilities—limited jumping ability and speed. But, also like DeBusschere, he is a grabbing, shoving defender away from the ball, a strong, box-out rebounder and a man with a sense of where the ball will be, whether he is under the offensive backboard or cutting passing lanes on defense. Mix leads the NBA's forwards in total steals and in last week's win over Chicago held high-scoring Bob Love to 14 points.

That was not his best performance of the week, however. Saturday night against Houston, Mix limited tough Rudy Tomjanovich to 16 points and nine rebounds, while he scored 24 points and added 14 rebounds and seven steals, more than twice as many as any other player on the floor. Jones had 20 points, but Ellis, who had pulled down 21 rebounds against the Bulls, was the night's outstanding Sixer. He scored 24 points and had 23 rebounds, including nine off the offensive board. The last of those was the best. With five seconds to play in overtime, Van Arsdale, showing his old aggressiveness, drove the baseline and leaned in toward the basket for a layup. The ball rolled along the rim from back to front, fell off and was tapped in by Ellis who had reached dauntily over the head of Houston's 6'11" George Johnson. It was the deciding field goal of the 108-106 win.

That play pulled Philly within half a game of third place in the Atlantic Division, with a 9-15 record, and drew it further from the lead in the NBA's other race. That one is called the Bill Walton Bowl and is played by the league's lesser teams to see which of them can be the worst, thereby gaining the draft rights to the UCLA center. The Sixers are currently running a dismal sixth in that race, which only goes to prove that while a few wins are terrific, a few too many will certainly not be fabulous. **END**

Give a taste of craftsmanship this Christmas.

Craftsmanship is rapidly disappearing in our automated world.

But at Seagram, we refuse to let go of an ideal. Our people keep at a task, painstakingly, until they are thoroughly satisfied and proud of the result.

This Christmas, give the result of all their experience, know-how and uncompromising craftsmanship. Give Benchmark.

Seagram's Benchmark
Premium Bourbon.

"Measure any Bourbon against it."





I'M ICARUS-

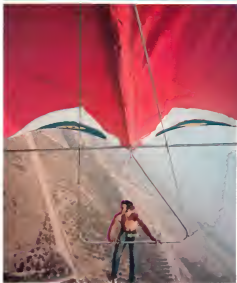


*The legend began with a burst
of feathers and wax, but now it
has returned in the form of free
flight with a Rogallo wing—and
a new generation of adventurers
is headed up and away, finding
that a myth is as good as a mile*

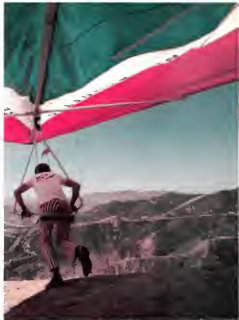
-FLY ME

by COLES PHINIZY

CONTINUED



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN



Waving about the California skies, the pioneers on these pages are representative of the newest breed of aerial enthusiasts, the hang-gliders. In their recent meet the flyers threw themselves off cliffs, circling and soaring in demonstrations of form, proper turns and landing poise—and emerged with a new national champ, young Chris Willis.



CONTINUED



This is how it all began: Icarus, bold child of myth, flew too near the sun and crashed in a mess of hot wax and feathers. We have gone a long way since. Indeed, we have advanced through fog-banks of aeronautical hypertechnology so far and fast that we are now as much slaves to masters of the art.

Today a moon-bound astronaut can escape the pull of earth but he is still a puppet. The astronaut dances lightly on the lunar face, but it is the NASA computer bank in Houston that calls the tune. A small-plane pilot throbbing along at 2,000 feet is more his own master than a spaceman (provided, of course, he obeys FAA rules and the air controllers who bowl at him on selected crystal frequencies). Sailplane pilots and parachutes are free souls for sure, but neither can do his thing unless he is hauled to altitude. Of all the adventurers now crowding the sky only the aimless balloonist, drifting under a hot bag of mixed gases, is in position to enjoy the majesty of space and its silence. Despite the advantage, not even a free balloonist is truly free. He is always prisoner of the wind and spends a lot of time aloft with a propane burner roaring in his ear.

Just now, when the sweet old Icarian dream of flying like the birds is all but lost, a new breed of primitive birdmen is emerging. In the Mountain States and on the U.S. West Coast, the new Icarians are called hang-glider pilots. Back East they are known as sky surfers. Regardless of the name, East and West and in between the new breed is proliferating and quietly enjoying the sky at a dirt-cheap price.

The machines the new aviators fly are variously called hang gliders, kites, sails, delta wings and Rogallo wings. The machines glide, but they are not gliders in the current sense since they do not have rigid, cambered wings. They look like kites and resemble sails in stress and structure but are really neither. They more nearly approximate the delta wings of supersonic craft. Most commonly—and deservedly—they are called Rogallo wings in honor of Francis Rogallo, the Stanford graduate engineer who invented and developed them.

Viewed head-on in flight, a Rogallo wing is an awesome thing, novel yet archaic. Hovering in silence with a pilot

dangling beneath as if he were its prey, a Rogallo wing suggests a pterodactylian throwback from Mesozoic time. Viewed from below, pressed against the bright sky, it is as casual and beautiful as a butterfly on a summer day.

The simplicity of a Rogallo wing begs belief. In a standard model a central keel of aluminum tubing is joined at the front to two other tubes that serve as the leading edges of a Duerson wing fabric. A fourth, transverse, tube holds the leading edges out so they form the 80-degree apex of a triangle. The angle of the fabric connected to the leading edges and keel exceeds the apex angle by about eight degrees so that in flight the material billows conically on either side of the keel. Four steel cables connected to a king post atop the wing—as on primitive monoplanes—serve as landing wires. Six flying wires under the wing are connected to a rigid, trapeze-like control bar. Aft of the control bar the pilot's seat (a plastic affair originally made for kiddie swings) is suspended on lines from the wing frame. That is about it. Using a few expensive tools, a competent home do-it-yourself craftsman can build a Rogallo wing for less than \$100. The best Rogallo now sold ready to fly cost just over \$600.

In learning the new art a fixed-wing pilot has little advantage over a non-flyer. There is no mechanical linkage between pilot and control surfaces as in a plane. In a Rogallo it is direct feel that must be acquired. In a plane the body of the pilot is a factor only with respect to wing loading and center of gravity. In a Rogallo every pound of the pilot is part of the action. An average size Rogallo wing—say 18 feet on the leading edge—weighs 35 pounds. Because his pendant body is the predominant weight, when a Rogallo pilot pushes forward on the control bar, the nose of his craft goes up; when he pulls back, the nose drops. When he shifts to either side, the wing banks and turns.

All the bold sports born or revived in the past 25 years have three things in common: 1) they all offered relief from the Babbity boredom of these times, 2) they all languished at first because they were considered too much for ordinary folk, and 3) once this notion was dispelled, they all prospered. Consider, for

example, ballooning. Fifteen years ago there was one U.S. balloon club fitfully active in suburban Philadelphia. Today there are big fat balloons carrying lawyers and bankers, publishers and candlestick makers. Consider also parachuting. Tapping its hard-core reserve of ex-paratroopers, smoke jumpers and stunt men, the U.S. could barely muster a five-man team good enough for the 1956 world championships. Ten years later mothers and sons, sons and lovers, vegetarians and octogenarians were jumping out of planes together, holding hands along the way down.

Scuba diving is this country's gross example of an underestimated sport. In the closing years of World War II a crippled aviator, Jacques Cousteau, and an engineer named Emile Gagnan devised an air demand regulator easy to use under water. By 1950 their invention could be rented by tourists on the pleasure coasts of Europe. Although it never saw service in World War II, in the U.S. the original Aqualung became associated with the heroics of frogmen—it was definitely not the kind of thing Junior should be fooling around with. When Cousteau visited here in 1950, he learned that all 10 regulators he had sent his U.S. distributor had been sold. Offered a second shipment, the distributor declined, claiming the U.S. market was saturated. In the 23 years since, more than 1½ million scuba regulators have been sold here, and no doubt somewhere in obscurity the original distributor is still pounding his fat head against the wall.

So here comes hang gliding, the latest contagion. Like the other bold sports, hang gliding languished for quite a spell, specifically from 1961 through 1971. In the past two years its track record has been phenomenal, particularly in Southern California, an area long famous as the spawning ground of restless, festering souls anxious for something different. When organized two years ago, the Southern California Hang Glider Association had 25 members. A year ago the SCHGA membership was nearly 300, it is now over 4,000. As yet there is no national association, and the SCHGA serves as such, about 2,700 of its members live outside California. Prior to 1970 most Rogallo wings were handcrafted, the total number begging 100. Many are

continued

Kodak Has a Gift for Keeping Christmas



This Carousel projector is so handsome it's a shame to turn the lights out.

Do handsomely by someone this Christmas. Give a Kodak Carousel custom H projector. There's never been a better-looking Kodak slide projector.

Off duty, it has a sleek smoke-tinted dust cover to snap on in place of the 140-slide tray. (So it doesn't have to be hidden away somewhere between shows.) On duty, the Carousel custom H



is as dependable as gravity. Because it's gravity that gently lowers each slide into place. No pushing or pulling. Just one brilliant slide after another.

Carousel custom H projectors come in a variety of models, all handsome, all quiet as a whisper. The 860H model shown is less than \$245. Other Kodak Carousel projectors from less than \$65.

Kodak Carousel custom H projector.



Prices subject to change without notice.

DATSUN



Datsun 1974. More Ways to Save.

A lot of people have discovered that Datsun saves... on gasoline, on parts, on service, on price. But the savings have just begun.

For 1974 there are new ways to save, including the new Datsun B-210. It takes the place of the old Datsun economy champion 1200 which the Environmental Protection Agency said had the best gas mileage of any new car sold here.

The new B-210 is bigger,



heavier and more powerful than the 1200. Yet it still delivers great gas mileage, as a Hatchback, 2-Door or 4-Door Sedan.

Datsun saves your peace of mind, too. Our new B-210 is just as uncomplicated as the 1200 was. Just as easy to own. Just as easy to operate. And served by the same nationwide computerized parts distribution system.

And Datsun saves money, too. The B-210 is still at the

economy end of the Datsun line. Keep your eye on Datsun. There are going to be 13 new ways to save this year. All with Datsun's traditional engineering excellence, economy car prices and more no-cost extras than you bargained for.

Drive a Datsun, then decide, before you buy a 1974 car. Because Datsun has a very important difference. Datsun Saves.



Datsun
Saves



The shirt that keeps looking fresh as long as it has to.

Even at the end of a long hard day our dress knit looks like you just put it on.

While other shirts have wilted and wrinkled, ours keeps on looking smooth and sleek.

Take a cross country plane flight in it. Pack it away for a week in a crowded suitcase. Wash it and wear it and wash it

and wear it. Twenty, thirty, forty times.

This is one shirt that thrives on getting pushed around. The dress knit from Arrow. It's only got one problem.

At the end of a tough day it may very well look a whole lot better than you do.

➤Arrow➤
A division of Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Colorful knitwear from the colorful shirt company.

still home-built, but in the past two years a dozen manufacturers have sold nearly 4,500. Three years ago, at the first commemorative Otto Lilienthal hang-glider meet in Corona Del Mar, Calif., 15 machines turned up. Two were Rogallo wings; the other 13 were fixed-wing gliders such as the pioneers Lilienthal, Chanute and the Wright brothers learned with long ago. At the third Lilienthal meet last July there were 157 Rogallo wings and a dozen fixed-wing craft.

The market is far from saturated. The FAA in time probably will—and should—slap a few regulations on it and slow the pace, but certainly the game will go on, for it is competitive and challenging and, when played properly, safe enough. Last month a 30-year-old Michigander named Rudy Kishazy took off under a Rogallo wing from the top of Mont Blanc in the French Alps and after a 30-minute glide landed near the village of Servoz. By so doing he flew roughly 15½ miles and set an altitude record of 13,145 feet. Using an identical Rogallo wing, a less enterprising duffer can have a perfectly safe and larky time casting himself off low sand dunes into a sea wind.

Despite its broad appeal the sport is not for everyone—certainly not for people who are nervous near the edge of tall buildings. Passengers taken aloft in Rogallos have been known to freeze. Since a Rogallo rider of necessity holds onto the pilot's control bar, such terror could bring disaster. Regrettably it is the kind of game that at the outset will attract careless optimists and show-offs. It suffers already on that count. The SCHGA has records of six deaths. In three instances the Rogallo pilots seemed to be stretching their luck in routine flights. Two others were foolishly stunting in a way that far exceeded the parameters of their craft.

Following Icarus, many of the world's great brains took up the problem of flight. Some of the smartest—Leonardo da Vinci for one—contributed almost nothing. Over the years men tried to get aloft with fixed wings and flapping wings, by using the buoyancy of gases and the vertical lift obtained from air screws and rotating fans. All the archetypes eventually succeeded except flapping wings. (A few wing-flappers are still trying, and more power to them.)

The colorful flexible wings now glid-

ing, soaring and flying under power might never have come to be except for Francis Rogallo, a California-born engineer of flexible mind who once described his own genius by remarking, "I can't say what motivates some other inventor to do what he does. Sometimes I don't know why I do what I do." Twenty-five years ago Francis Rogallo was working at the Langley Research Center, which is now part of NASA. His work largely involved tunnel testing and stability and control problems on conventional craft. In his spare time he turned his back on the screaming progress of modern flight and looked down a long corridor that had barely been explored. In a world agog at the prospect of going ever upward and outward, across the sonic barrier and into space, Rogallo began toying with the idea of portable, flexible machines that would get stuff back to earth—not merely safely down as a parachute can, but in piloted or radio-controlled flight back to a particular landing spot. He built and successfully flew models with 30 square feet of wing that were as limp as a sail and depended only on the placement of suspension lines to provide rigidity along the keel and leading edges as aluminum tubing does in the sporting wings today.

He tried to hustle his concept to government agencies and private business, but for nearly a decade the most tangible interest came from a New Haven company manufacturing Silly Putty. For two years the putty makers produced a Rogallo configuration out of Mylar and sold it as a child's kite. The Rogallo Flexi-kite flew excellently but was, alas, as easily tangled in trees and phone lines as any other. Retailing at \$3, it could not compete with kites of paper and sticks. Rogallo recalls that he made a few hundred dollars out of the venture.

After Sputnik I went into orbit and the space race began, the Rogallo wing along with a lot of neglected ideas was swept up in the scramble. Indeed, it seems that just about every flight-conscious soul except Santa Claus was suddenly courting the Rogallo concept. Wings were built and flown in about every way Rogallo originally conceived: in gliding and soaring flight, in powered and towed flight, as air-dropped and rocket-launched vehicles. Rogallo wings were rocketed out in near Mach 3 and successfully deployed at 200,000 feet. The Army Transportation Research Command towed Jeeps

continued

The match was a great invention until...



dispoz-a-lite.

The disposable butane lighter by Garrity

CONVENIENT.
Never refill, never relight, never repair.

DEPENDABLE.
Lights first time. Every time.

ECONOMICAL.
Thousands of lights for less than a penny a pack.

ONLY \$1.49

Lighter has passed the UL 94V-0 flame test. MFG. BY GARRITY, CHINA, 1987

Original
Biggest
Hit!



Great Golf Holiday

7 days / 6 nights \$229.50*

per person double occupancy

Thirty-six magnificent holes of Robert Trent Jones golf. Matchless accommodations for winter vacations. Impeccable service for leisurely dining and pleasures after dark. Elegantly informal. Spacious gardens and lawns. Unlimited activities for suntime recreation. Delightful family programs available during traditional holidays.

Price includes: All greens fees on both courses, twin bedroom with patio, all breakfasts and dinners, transportation to and from Phoenix Airport, all taxes.

*\$259.50—February 2 thru April 13, 1978

For Brochure, special Great Golf Holiday and Holiday Program write: Reade Whitwell, Vice Pres



THE WIGWAM

Arizona Country Club, Royal
Litchfield Park, Arizona 85126

Phone (602) 935-3811

Telley/Tawcett/Warner Represented



birth
defects
are forever.
unless you
help.

March
of
Dimes



HOW
YOU CAN
GET A
FINE
DIGITAL
WATCH,
TELL
TIME
AT A
GLANCE,
AND FIND
DEALS GALORE
FOR JUST \$12.95

Yes send me Haverdigi. My check for \$13.95 (\$12.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and insurance—California deliveries add tax) is enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

haverhill

51219 361

884 Washington Street
San Francisco, CA 94117

Let's face it—most often when you look at your watch you don't really know what time it is because you get only some approximate impression of the position of the hands. But this cannot happen with Haverdigi. Because Haverdigi gives you direct digital read-out which means you know exactly and at a glance that it's 1:17 rather than sometime between 1:00 o'clock and 2:00 o'clock. Haverdigi is our exclusive Swiss import.

It features silver-toned steel case, tropical strap, a fine Roskopf movement, and a strategically placed jewel—just to keep it running and humming smoothly on and on. And, of course, Haverdigi is an almost laughable bargain—similar watches sell for \$25 or more. But that isn't all we'll also send you our colorful 64-page Catalog, which is absolutely chock-full of good deals PLUS a \$2 Gift Certificate that you may apply to your first purchase. One more word about Haverdigi: you may return it in two weeks for full refund if not delighted (and still remain our friend!) And it's guaranteed one year for manufacturer's defects (we repair or replace free, of course, only charge for postage and handling).

So fill the coupon, send us your check and let us shoot that Haverdigi right out to you.

Watch shown 20" (approx. 18" actual size)

ICARUS

and other vehicles under flexible wings. A three-ton load was safely brought down in radio-controlled flight. Ryan Aeronautical built two powered wings called "I keeps," with 210-hp Continental engines that were able to take off with 1,000-pound pay loads. NASA built the "Paresev," an odd contraption that looked like a one-man saray with a triangular awning above. The Paresev had a wing loading more than four times that of modern sport wings. In an effusive glide it whizzed along at 50 miles an hour and landed at 40. At Edwards Air Force Base it was safely flown down from above 5,000 feet by Test Pilot Milt Thompson and Astronaut Gus Grissom and Neil Armstrong. NASA convalesced using huge, radio-controlled Rogallo wings to bring 50-ton hoister stages of space-rift back to land, but before long the boosters were going too far downrange to return without power. During this Cinderella period of the flexible wing the Langley Research Center became part of NASA, thus Rogallo, the inventor, worked on his own concept at salary. Because his comprehensive patent expired in 1988, before the sport boom began, his salary and a few hundred bucks from the Solis Putty people are all he has realized out of his wonderwing. Still, this seems to satisfy him. "I've had some fame," he says.

In the early '60s aeronautical engineers on the mailing list for NASA reports began tinkering with Rogallo wings on their own. A Northern Californian Barry Hall Palmer, made short flights under a Rogallo wing by running and leaping off low hills and dunes. So far as the records show, he thus became the aborigine of the present sport. After moving to Florida, Palmer built several powered models and licensed them as experimental aircraft. In 1961 a North Carolina engineer, Thomas Purcell Jr., took off successfully under tow at the Raleigh-Durham Airport aboard a home-built Rogallo quite like the NASA Paresev that flew a year later. Milt Thompson, the NASA pilot who first tested the Paresev, learned on Purcell's homemade machine. Purcell later put floats on his Rogallo and was towed aloft by a boat, thus becoming the first amphibious flexible flyer.

In 1965 another engineer, Jim Natland, was so taken by the idea that he plunked out a bundle of cash to have the eminent West Coast sailmaker, Kenny

continued

To the 56,000,000 people who smoke cigarettes.

A lot of people have been telling you not to smoke, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine. But smoking provides you with a pleasure you don't want to give up.

Naturally, we're prejudiced. We're in the business of selling cigarettes.

But there is one overriding fact that transcends whether you should or shouldn't smoke and that fact is that you do smoke.

And what are they going to do about that?

They can continue to exhort you not to smoke. Or they might look reality in the face and recommend that, if you smoke and want low 'tar' and nicotine in a cigarette, you smoke a cigarette like Vantage.

And we'll go along with that, because there is no other cigarette like Vantage. Except Vantage.

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

Not that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. (But you probably wouldn't like the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette anyway.)

The plain truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste there has to be some 'tar.'

But Vantage is the only cigarette that gives you so much flavor with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

So much flavor that you'll never miss your high 'tar' cigarette.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 10 mg "tar", 0.8 mg nicotine. Menthol: 11 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73.

There are a lot of big reasons for buying a Duster instead of a Pinto.

Duster has room for five. Pinto has room for four. Duster's trunk is almost three times bigger.

Duster's engine offers half again as much horsepower.

And Duster has a wider stance.

Of course, Duster's price is more.

But not that much more.

So there's little reason to buy a Pinto when you know the big advantages of Duster.



CHRYSLER
MOTOR CORPORATION

Plymouth Duster.

Extra care in engineering - it makes a difference.



This is the camera you've heard so much about.

The Yashica Electro-35. The camera that revolutionized photography. With automatic computer brain and electronic shutter. That reacts instantly, no matter what you shoot, or when you shoot. For beautiful color or black and white pictures. Day or night. One of your friends or neighbors probably owns an Electro-35. Isn't it time you owned one, too? See it today at your local Yashica dealer.

YASHICA
ELECTRONIC CAMERAS...
It's a whole new thing

YASHICA Inc., 50-57 Queens Boulevard, Woodside, New York 11377

ICARUS *continued*

Watts, cut and stitch a Doeron fabric for his handcrafted frame. Natland made 150-foot flights off a slope near his home in Palos Verdes, Calif. and later flew a bit off the steep 10th tee of a golf course in Huntsville, Ala. He was convinced that the fun he had found in the dry technology of NASA reports could easily be developed into an "addictive sport." He cast about for someone with capital to join him in the new venture and had no takers.

The sport popped up here and there and really went nowhere until 1969 when it got an unexpected push from half a world away. Down under in Australia in the early '60s, two water skiers, Bill Moyes and Bill Bennett, were flying under boat tow with flat kites like those American stunt men had been using for 15 years. "Flat kites are an invention of the devil," Bill Bennett now says. "We figured there had to be a better way to die." A brainstorming electronics engineer, John Dickinson of Gosford, New South Wales, had come onto NASA papers detailing the Rogallo wing. Under Dickinson's direction—they came to call him Dr. Cyclops—Moyes and Bennett built Rogallo wings of good Oregon wood and plastic used to cover banana plants. "We did just about everything possible to do that was wrong," Bennett recalls. "We crashed and burned a hundred times, and I have the scars to prove it."

In time they flew under tow higher and better than anyone could with a flat kite. When a boat towing him on the Hawkesbury River ran into a sandbar and stopped dead, Bennett had no choice but to glide down with a slack line. Thereafter they deliberately cut loose and flew free. In the late '60s they were taking off snow slopes of Mount Kosciuszko in the runty Australian Alps on skis and gliding down. Bennett is not sure whether he or Moyes tried it first, but he is certain that he was always quicker getting airborne. "I am a rotten skier," he says. "I can snowglow, and that's about the limit of it. The sooner I get in the air, the better."

Hang gliding here owes its present staggering success in large part to Bennett, Moyes and a handful of contriving Australians. Indeed, the birth date of the present boom can fairly be set at April 29, 1969, when Bennett landed here bringing two special gifts. Early American noodlers such as Palmer and Nat-

continued

Now is the time to stop and think of those things
you've heard people asking for all year long.



English Leather Soap on-a-Rope. One Man. One Scent.

Why shouldn't the rest of your
smell as good as your face?

Shower-up with English
Leather Soap-on-a-Rope That
way you'll have that clean
honest scent of English Leather
all over.

And our soaps are hard
milled. Which means they last a
long time. So you'll have that
great English Leather scent
until you've nothing left of the
soap but the rope.



Shower Soap
\$2.00

Available in
Canada

MCN COMPANY INC. New York N.Y. 07647 (212) 3

ICARUS

land had hung by their arms from 700
littered bars under their Rogallo wings
much in the style of the fixed-wing pio-
neer, Otto Lilienthal—a poor system
compared to the present control bar and
winging seat that Bennett introduced
from Australia.

Bennett's other gift was himself. It can
be truly said that never before in so short
a time has one man exposed a new sport
to so many unbelieving eyeballs and so
many feet of home-movie film. Bennett
left Australia in 1969 on a world vaca-
tion, hoping to fly his wing over and off
scene wonders such as Niagara Falls and
Cancun down Rio de Janeiro way. He
got no farther than California before his
antics were in demand. He flew command
performances at tourist spas such as Lake
Tahoe, Cypress Gardens and Wisconsin
Dells and, under contract to a land de-
velopment company, at many lesser-
known water holes. His act was written
into a James Bond movie. For a TV com-
mercial he took off under car tow from
one bay of Lake Mead, flew 34 miles
overland and put down with the ease of
a flaring mailard on another arm of the
same lake. At the dedication of the old
London Bridge on Lake Havasu, he set
a boat-tow altitude record of 2,960 feet,
nearly half a mile higher than flat kites
can manage. Abetted by his first Ameri-
can disciple, Dave Kilbourne, he flew
over the Golden Gate and landed on Al-
catraz. He foot-launched himself off
Dante's View, 5,475 feet up in the very
Amargosa Range, and landed 280 feet
below sea level in Death Valley. On the
4th of July, 1969, he cut loose above the
Statue of Liberty, circled it two and a
half times and landed at the foot, irri-
tating the U.S. Park custodians and the
New York Harbor Police.

Many of Bennett's records have been
exceeded and his antics duplicated by dis-
ciples, notably 23-year-old Robert Wills,
a Southern California barefoot folk hero
of elfish bent and Bunyonesque propor-
tion. Since boyhood Bob Wills has
walked the world in a friendly way, dis-
tinguishing himself by what comes unnatu-
rally. He once told his mother, "I don't know what I
am going to be when I grow up, but it
won't be what everybody else is." And
how true, how true. Over the years Wills'
family—father, mother, sister and four
brothers—have collected prizes in tennis,
lacrosse, water polo, swimming, Ping-
Pong, cycling and motorcycling. Al-
though he has always suffered from asth-

ma, Bob Wills played the ordinary games
and insists he never let the affliction
cramp his style. Again, how true. On his
parents' property as a boy he dug a cave
of tunnels and rooms and more tunnels
and rooms that threatened to collapse the
whole backyard. As any fool knows, the
prime risk for a compulsive cave-digger
is instant suffocation. As any medical
man knows, making like a mole in dirt
is not the best of all hobbies for an
asthmatic.

Considering his whole psyche, it is a
wonder that Wills ever became a devo-
tee, much less a master, of the Rogallo
wing. His predominant passion has al-
ways been extravagant machinery, mo-
torized or man-powered. He is an advo-
cate of speed and noise. There is nothing
that elevates him more than a poorly
muffled engine crashing out decibels.
There is nothing to him more beautiful
than charging a steep, dry California hill
on a Husky motorbike, roaring and
bucking and throwing up lung-logging
dust. The maximum speed limit posted
on California freeways is the minimum
he can endure without fretting. "When
I go slow in a car," he says, "I feel ner-
vous." Yet he delights now in poking
along at 20 miles an hour under a simple
and silent Rogallo wing. Explaining his
new love, he says, "When I take off a
hill the suspense is left behind. There is
an unbelievable free feeling as the ground
falls away. I float. I have control as in a
car, and use of the whole air space to
turn and drift and dive. I have a sense of
the wing above me in the pressure of the
control bar and the sound of the wind
quiet when the nose is up and flapping
the fabric, in a dive. The wing becomes a
part of me, and the higher I go the bet-
ter I feel, for there is more time for the
joy of it."

Because his home in Santa Ana lay on
the southeast rim of the Greater Los An-
geles smog bowl, in his 13th and 14th
years Bob Wills was sent to a school for
asthmatics in Denver. He hated the
school, and today, as a 6' 7" 195-pounder,
he still rants about his two-year exile,
claiming among other things that it stunted
his growth.

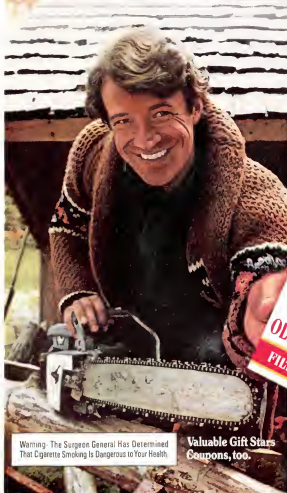
During his exile, his brother Chris, two
years his junior, motorized a kiddie wag-
gon, using the engine off the family
mower. Chris Wills is an addicted tim-
ker, but simply not restless enough over
to match his older brother's productivity.
Within a year after his return from Den-

Continued

Have one of mine.

Get hold of
honest taste.

Have an
Old Gold.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Valuable Gift Stars
Coupons, too.

20 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '73

ver, motor-mad Bob Wills had among his neighbors the most attractive nuisance. The noise of the wind machines he built filled streets. In trial runs he took younger children aboard, sometimes as ballast but usually because he enjoys company. In collisions and upsets he never killed a child but he bloodied a few. He built at such a pace that his parents had to find a garage three miles away to handle the output.

His oddest machines were well outside the mainstream of invention. He motorized a trash can, so designed that when everybody aboard put their weight to the rear, it automatically went into a spin. Using a flutulent Briggs & Stratton engine, he built a three-speed, 50-mph motorbike. He constructed a push-pull truck-trailer combo out of two-by-fours, each end powered by a Briggs & Stratton. He put together a clattering vehicle that sounded like a Patton tank on pavement and clawed its way up steep banks on six-inch spikes. On a 70-degree slope

inspired the star ground-looped, threw him and came down the hill after him before catching fire.

The day Bob bought a welder he built a tandem bicycle—not, mind you, an ordinary horizontal machine on which one rider sits at one end and the other, a tandem bike was vertical—one rider situated properly close to the ground and the other pedaling eight feet above him. Riding his “double-decker,” Wills and his chum Curt Kiefer often stopped traffic, and were often tailed by the highway patrol who wanted to see what ordinance they would violate first.

Inspired by the success of his double-decker, Wills built a high single-seater bike—nobody below, just one rider eight feet up. On Earth Day in 1970, at Saddleback College in Mission Viejo, Calif., Dr. Willard Frank Libby, Nobel winner in chemistry, was addressing a crowd that had come, appropriately, on foot and bicycle. While Libby talked, his audience started rubbernecking around, focusing on the parking lot where Wills was rid-

ing his high bike. Wills was asked to leave because he was distracting. A cop subsequently arrested him. In court, in the middle of reading the complaint, the judge suddenly said aloud, “Now, what is this?” Riding a bicycle with pedals more than four feet off the ground. The court interred. The judge dismissed the case. The first time Wills’ chum Kiefer was arrested on the high bike, the judge fined him \$10. The second time Kiefer was brought in, the judge let him off and told the prosecutor, “Stop bringing me cases like this.”

In his sophomore year in high school Chris, the younger Wills brother, built a bi-wing glider that, when towed by a car, could be persuaded to rise 25 feet in the air and stagger around unthinkably. An aeronautical engineer named Leo Pfankuch, who lived in the neighborhood, gave Chris Wills advice on siting his machine, but had nothing to do with the design of the wing and control surfaces other than to point out that even a patio table could be made to fly if pulled or

continued

Prevent forest fires. Take along some caution too.

Without caution, you're not ready to visit the forest. No matter how much equipment you take.

Because when you take caution, you don't take fire for granted. And you're extra careful.

It's a whole lot easier to prevent a forest fire than to fight one.

And an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of hindsight.





Do the Zenith people really build a better color TV?



TV service technicians say yes. Again.

Here are the questions and answers from a nationwide survey.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS:

Zenith	35%
Brand A	14%
Brand B	11%
Brand C	9%
Brand D	3%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	13%
Don't Know	11%

QUESTION: "If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?"

ANSWERS:

Zenith	35%
Brand A	13%
Brand B	12%
Brand D	6%
Brand C	4%
Brand E	4%
Brand F	3%
Brand G	3%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	2%
Other Brands	6%
Don't Know	8%

NOTE: Answers total more than 100% because some service technicians named more than one brand.

How the survey was made.

For the second consecutive year, one of the best known research firms in America conducted a study of independent TV service technicians' attitudes toward brands of color television. And again Zenith was the number one brand named in answer to each question, as shown in the charts. Telephone interviews were conducted with TV service technicians themselves in April, 1972, and again in April, 1973, in more than 170 cities from coast to coast. To eliminate the factor of loyalty to a single brand, the study included only shops which serviced more than one brand of TV.

We want to hear from you.

We're proud of our record of building dependable, quality products.

But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you would like additional details of the service technicians' survey—we want to hear from you. Write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60639.

We'll give your request our personal attention.

ZENITH
*The quality goes in
 before the name goes on.*

MONEY.

For bulls, bears, speculators & spendthrifts.

MONEY is the new monthly magazine that whips up ideas and insights on managing your personal finances—ideas that help you guide and drive your discretionary income—so that when you buy, sell, save or invest, you and your family get the best value for your dollars.

MONEY Magazine from Time Incorporated is a refreshing after-hours tonic. A great way to mix pleasure and profit. A capital idea and a sound investment for big and small spenders.

To receive a full year (12 issues) of MONEY for \$12, simply call this toll-free number 800-821-8200 (in Illinois 800-972-8302). Or write to MONEY, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611.

Money

MT2

Executive Confidential LOANS to \$12,500

... from the country's oldest and largest loan-by-mail service. A quick and extremely confidential source of money for immediate needs or as a future credit line. No collateral... no embarrassing investigation. Simple details handled over the phone or by personal mail from the privacy of your home or office. The quiet service for your financial needs.

Dial our private, toll free number 800/328-7328, or write:

Charles R. Dennis, Executive Loan Director
2501 Harmon Building
Saint Paul, Minnesota 55102

Please send me information on confidential loans.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

Industrial Credit Financial Services
Member FDIC



ICARUS (continued)

pushed by enough power. Chris and Bob later started building a powered plane, but were persuaded by their parents to forget it. They never looked into the sky again until two years ago when a pal, Chris Price, came upon a picture of a Rogallo wing in *The National Geographic*. With only the picture as a guide, they started their first Rogallo.

As Chris Wills now recalls, Price showed him the picture on a Wednesday. On Thursday they collected materials. On Friday, abetted by his brother Bob, they built the wing. By Saturday afternoon they were flying it unsuccessfully. "Our style," Chris Wills explains, "has always been to build everything fast and start enjoying it."

Before trying to fly it, they tunnel-tested their first wing in a crude way. They ran down the street with it, feeling nothing in the way of reassuring lift. They then put it in the back of Bob Wills' pickup truck. While he drove 30 miles an hour, brother Chris and Chris Price and their local, friendly aeronautical consultant, Leo Pfankuch, held the home-built Rogallo aloft in the air bubbling over the truck cab. They felt lift, sufficient for Pfankuch to observe that their home-built machine probably would fly better than a patio table.

They started learning properly enough on a 400-foot hill with a hospital situated at the foot, recording their spectacular lack of progress on movie film. When he projects the early films today, Chris Price's narration goes like this: "Now, watch this next crash. It is even worse. This is the one where Bobby re-sprains his ankle. . . . Now here I come trying again, and I go in hard, nose first. On that one I shook the earth and broke the keel of the knee. . . . Now here's Chris Wills trying it. Watch him hit the motorcycle. . . ."

They built a second Rogallo wing, bigger and of better proportion. Guided by another picture in *Soaring* magazine, they built a third wing, better still. In time they learned to crash less often and fly farther, sometimes 500 yards all the way down the hill. On one evanescent day Bob Wills went so far as to touch down on the hospital roof at the base of the hill and take off again for the ground.

Bill Bennett, the prophet who brought the modern sport here from Australia, remembers his first meeting with Bob Wills on a modest hill in Mission Viejo, Calif. "When I first saw Bob Wills, he

was flying a dreadful machine with exceptional ability. His brother Chris is mentally the better flyer, but Bob has the instinct for it. At the Palmdale site I asked him if he would like to fly a good kite, and I said, 'There's one on top of that car if you'd like to try it.' He straightaway took the damn thing and almost made it talk."

In so short a time at the game, Bob Wills seems to have won a mystical advantage. Like Paul Elvstrom, the great Danish sailor, he seems now to own a special part of the wind that not even he can see and no one else can find. In drafts where others sink, he gets an easy ride. Where rivals only glide, he finds air that lifts him above his takeoff point. In 30-mile-an-hour winds that discourage others, he casts himself off a hill competently, boldly holding the nose of his craft down in the blast until the trailing edge of his fabric is grumbling in disbelief. On a fair day 3,000 feet up the mountains west of Lake Elmore, half a dozen Rogallo men look for lift and find little. The best of them gets a 15-minute flight before landing in a farm field. Two of them, misjudging, come down short on brushy hillsides. Launching from the same spot, Bob Wills in two sweeping searches across the mountain face finds the lift. For half an hour he rides 200 feet above his takeoff point. Finally bored with it, he breaks out of the rising air and heads for the valley floor, doing 360-degree turns and flirting with lift along a ridge. Forty-five minutes after takeoff he settles gently down at a convenient, pre-terminated spot where the road winds out of the hills.

Last January, using a good kite Bennett made for him, Wills won the first big meet for free-flying Rogallo wingers at Big White ski resort in British Columbia. He outclassed the field by swinging around in his seat and flying backward and hanging upside down, controlling the kite with his knees.

This past September he took off with his brother Chris from the edge of the great crater of Haleakala in Hawaii and sat down 10,000 feet lower near the Maui shore, setting an altitude record that has been twice bettered. The elder Wills still holds the record for altitude gained above takeoff, once climbing 1,070 feet higher than his launching site. He also holds the endurance mark of eight hours, 24 minutes in flight. The endurance record, though impressive, was not so much

continued

The 1974 Nova. Experience is the best teacher.



1968.



1969.



1970.



1971.



1972.



1973.

1971. Another year, another Nova.

We've been building essentially the same car since 1968, and we think we've got it down pat.

But we're not standing pat.

Each year we find new ways to enhance the inherent value and appeal of this sensibly sized automobile. In 1973, for example, we

made a rear hatch and fold-down back seat available so Nova could sort of double as a station wagon.

This year we've added an improved bumper system front and rear to help cushion minor impact.

And to help protect the people inside: the new combination seat-and-shoulder belt system with igni-

tion interlock. In one easy motion, you can fasten the whole harness.

There are some new colors and carpets. New trim is available. And you can order radial ply tires now.

We happen to believe that the 1974 is the best Nova yet.

See for yourself, at your Chevrolet dealer's now.

Chevrolet



Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.





Speak out. A Stanley thermos bottle makes the good times even better. Carry everything from hot coffee to cold martinis. They're temperature perfect, and ready when you are.

All steel, with no glass to break, the Stanley bottle is guaranteed five years and one of the few things in life that'll be working when you're ready to pass it along to your son. Bottle only, or in handsome leather-like cases. At better stores everywhere. Ask and ye shall receive.



Aladdin
America's favorite carry-out

© 1973 Aladdin Industries, Inc., Naperville, Illinois 60563

ICARUS (continued)

a test of his soaring skill as proof of his doggedness. He set it last September on the steep northeast face of the Koolau Range on Oahu, Hawaii, where the sea wind offers constant and often vigorous lift. The local records show that persons have fallen or jumped more than 200 feet down sheer parts of the range and survived, their descent slowed by the rising air. One attempting suicide was blown back onto the lookout site from which he leaped.

In the ninth hour of his endurance run Wills came down not for want of wind but because of the absolute monotony of riding for so long tightly belted in a small seat. To get the blood moving in his legs, he occasionally released his safety belt and stood with his feet in a loop of line. Now and again he climbed up on his control bar and squatted there like an outsize gibbon.

In October the first so-called national hang-gliding championship was held in the mountains behind Sylmar, Calif. sponsored by Annie Green Springs, a brand of fizzy pop wine as tasty sweet as a jelly bean. The competition—regrettably truncated by bad winds—was a good one, emphasizing sensible skills, overall form, properly executed turns, accuracy and poise in landing, and soaring ability. Monkeyshines like hanging upside down counted nothing. The entry list, limited to the 30 U.S. flyers considered best by their peers, was understandably loaded with Southern Californians. The competition was dominated by the Wills brothers. Scoring 1,774 out of 2,000 possible points in the finals, Chris, the younger, won over his brother by 118 points.

In a sport so young and booming the preeminence of the Wills brothers is apt to last about as long as the head on a glass of ginger ale. Recently, wondering over the progress of the sport he largely provoked, 41-year-old Bill Bennett of Australia began speaking sagely. Though only half in his cups at the time, he spoke like a mawkish old octogenarian about to pass the torch before falling into his grave. "You and I are of the past generation," Bennett said, "and this sport is for the new. In our day we went to war to be a man. I for one couldn't wait to get into service. Now kids don't want it. They are even taught peace in kindergarten. So here is something old that is very new. It's excitement that cannot fade tomorrow."

END



HOW MUCH DID YOUR WATCH COST YOU TODAY?

An inaccurate watch, no matter how pretty it is, can be pretty costly. It can soothe you into thinking you have time to catch the train. Time to make the bank. Time before the curtain goes up.

Maybe it's time for you to get a different watch. A really different watch. An Accutron® watch.

Unlike ordinary watches, Accutron has a tuning fork movement. It's guaranteed to give you the right time to within a minute a month*.

And talk about the right time, Accutron watch prices have never been lower. There are styles available for only \$95. That's quite a bargain considering how much aggravation an Accutron watch can save you.

BULOVA ACCUTRON: NOW \$95.

For men and women



*Women's watch #22103. Men's watch #22703. \$95 each. See our many other Accutron® jewelry and department stores. *This statement will be adjusted to the tolerance of accuracy. †Adjustment to Accutron dealer from whom you have a watch one year from date of purchase ©Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

THE FREE CHRISTMAS CALL. 800-621-8200

If you hurry, you can still give a year of Sports Illustrated to the sports lovers on your Christmas list.

Just pick up your phone right now and dial the number above. The call is toll-free from any place in the continental United States.*

Just as soon as we hear from you, we'll airmail hand-some Sports Illustrated gift announcements to the people whose names you give us.

And then we'll rush your gift subscriptions along, so your friends can start enjoying Sports Illustrated right after New Years.

Best of all, Sports Illustrated is a lot more than just an easy solution to your last-minute shopping problems. It's really the ideal gift for everybody who gets a kick out of sports. Any sports.

And it's one Christmas present that will keep pleasing and surprising your friends week after week...season after season...for a full year. Only \$12 the first gift, \$10 for all others.

So why not get on the phone right now, and give us a ring.
(Or, if you prefer, send us the attached airmail card today).

We're ready to swing into action.

*In Illinois, call 800-972-8302

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FOR CHRISTMAS

Time & Life Building Chicago, Illinois 60611



The Unlikeliest Millionaire

In the spring of 1940 a leathery gentleman of the turf and a baronial ranch owner from Texas flew in the face of an old horse breeder's adage and came up with a champion. The trainer, Max Hirsch, sent an obscure mare he owned named Stop Watch to be bred to Equestrian, a little-known stallion at Robert J. Kleberg's King Ranch near Kingsville. The result was a chestnut colt foaled on April 9, 1941 that became in 1947 the leading money-winner to that time. His name was Styxie.

It wasn't just that Hirsch and Kleberg had mildly violated the genetic imperative of good horse breeding, the one summed up by the saying, "Breed the best to the best and hope for the best." Hirsch and Kleberg came as close as possible to breeding the worst to the worst. In his time Equestrian had won just two very minor events. Stop Watch had won none. The only thing to recommend their foal was his grand sire on the paternal side, Equipoise, the celebrated Chocolate Soldier of the 1930s.

But nobody told Styxie about his humble beginnings, and so, in his seven seasons and 131 starts (only three of them under the colors of the King Ranch), he won 35 races, 25 of which were stakes, was second 33 times and third 28. He was unplaced in only 35 races. Styxie retired with earnings of \$918,485, which made him the dollar champ of racing until Citation. For several years during the 1940s Styxie dominated New York tracks, becoming a kind of idol to the fans.

As a yearling on the King Ranch in 1942, there was nothing about Styxie to catch the eye. He was still an ordinary colt in the spring of 1943 when he finished seventh in his first start and 11th in his second. Those dismal efforts prompted Hirsch to drop the colt into a \$1,500 claiming race for his third start, on June 2, 1943, at Belmont.

Trainer Hirsch Jacobs had noticed the colt's name in the overnight entries and had looked him over in the paddock before his first two races. A great admirer of Equipoise, Jacobs thought he saw a few fleeting signs of the gallant old champion in Styxie. On the morning of Styxie's third race Jacobs hurried to get to the track to file his claim. He got a late start, however and almost didn't make it. Years afterward he said, "If I had run into traffic, I never would have been able to claim Styxie. I made it

with a couple of minutes to spare."

Jacobs still didn't know what he had in this awkward, inexperienced colt. In fact, he took some risks with Styxie that later seemed appalling: he ran him in some more claimers. Fortunately, nobody saw the animal's potential, perhaps because Styxie improved so slowly. He did not win a race until his 14th start. In all, Styxie won four races and earned \$15,935 in his first season. Jacobs had a nice profit, but the surface had not even been scratched. In 1944 in 29 starts Styxie won three races and earned \$36,325.

The horse really blossomed in 1945, however, winning eight stakes, including the prestigious Butler, Brooklyn and Westchester Handicaps, while earning \$225,375. In 1946 Styxie won seven stakes and \$238,650. As a 6-year-old in 1947, at an age when most good stallions and all great ones are in stud, Styxie's career was just approaching its peak. He reached it on July 19, 1947 in a memorable race at Belmont Park.

The feature race that day was a new event, the \$100,000-odd International Gold Cup sponsored by the Empire City Racing Association. The race was designed to lure the best horses from abroad to meet the finest in this country. The English, Irish and French, leery of the dirt track at Belmont, stayed at home. The only foreign horses who did appear for the event were two Argentine-breds, Ensueno and Endeavour II. But there was a formidable array of domestic talent on hand. Assault, the King Ranch horse and Triple Crown champion in 1946, was the favorite. Phalanx, who ran for C. V. Whitney and had won the Belmont Stakes one month before, was there. So were Talon and the only speed horse in the field, Natchez.

All entrants carried scale weight, 126 pounds, except Phalanx, who as a 3-year-old got in at 112. The distance was a

mile and five furlongs, once around the big Belmont oval after one furlong at the start. Assault was ridden by Eddie Arcaro and was just over 1 to 2 in the betting. Styxie, with Jockey Conn McCreary, was not quite 5 to 1. Natchez, with Ted Atkinson up, was 25 to 1.

The day was gray and wet and the track sloppy as the horses moved into the starting gate. The start was quick and good. Atkinson drove Natchez into an early lead, then decided to slow the pace, and he got away with a dawdling clocking for the first half mile of :48½.

Closest to Natchez in the early going were Ensueno and Endeavour II. Arcaro was snugging Assault in fourth place. Styxie was fifth, about 10 lengths back of the leader, with Talon and Phalanx the trailers. Atkinson still had the pace his way at the far turn, a sluggish mile in 1:39, and Natchez still had plenty left for the certain challenges being readied behind him.

In the stretch Atkinson stole a glance over his shoulder and saw Arcaro making his move. Assault got to within a length at the eighth pole, but that was all. Now it was Styxie's turn. Atkinson was flat out on his horse's neck. His whip was still now—you don't hit a turning horse. Instead, he began to drive and coax him. McCreary was as one with Styxie, and quickly they cut into Natchez' lead. A few strides from the wire Natchez still had it. At the wire it was Styxie by a neck.

It was Styxie's greatest victory, and it inspired the sardonic Arcaro to paraphrase Satchel Page. "If you hear something coming in the stretch," he said, "never look back. It might be McCreary."

Meanwhile, back at the King Ranch, efforts were under way to duplicate the good luck with Styxie. It was fruitless. Stop Watch had 10 foals, all full or half brothers and sisters to Styxie. Only one of these—a half brother with the inelegant name of Oaf—won a race. The 10 foals earned \$1,615 among them.

A math buff once totaled Styxie's mileage over his seven years of racing and came up with a figure of 142 miles, 170 yards of competitive running. With total earnings of \$918,485, that comes to about \$6,468 per mile. Max Hirsch and Bob Kleberg did only one thing wrong when they bred Styxie. They didn't keep him.

—CHARLES MOREY

Good buys begin when you say hello to Mexico

**American
vacation
dollars
go farther
in our
friendly
country.**

Planning a great vacation is one thing. Affording it is another. That's why it makes sense to plan taking your next vacation in Mexico. Here you'll find more wonderful things than you ever dreamed you could afford. And you can!

In cosmopolitan Mexico City, you can explore endless boutiques and colorful bazaars, discover fascinating bargains in glassware, pottery, silver, leather goods and a world of other native handicrafts. Not to mention fine imports from other lands.

Does your taste run to luxury? Stay in our finest resort hotels, at prices you can afford. And dine in the finest continental restaurants, savoring fine wines, great cuisine and Old World service.

Whether you're basking on a quiet beach in tranquil Cancun, whopping it up in an Acapulco night club, or sightseeing through our ancient Mayan ruins, you'll be getting more



than your dollar's worth in friendly Mexico. (It still goes as far as ever here.) The climate. The fun. The color. And the beautiful memories. We guarantee them all!



I'm planning a vacation. Please send me a brochure on visiting Mexico.

SP-13

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Mail to: Mexican National Tourist Council
9445 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212
Mexican National Tourist Council
Mexican Government Department of Tourism
Cooperation of
Chambers of Commerce of Mexico



MEXICO

**where
vacation
dollars
go farther**



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PRIDE OF THE EAST

Sirs:

Congratulations on your Nov. 26 college basketball preview and especially Curry Kirkpatrick's article about David Thompson and the ACC (*David Goes After Goliath*). With players like Thompson, Bobby Jones, Tom McMillen et al., there can be little doubt that the ACC is the best conference. Coach Bob Boyd of Southern Cal showed a great sense of humor when he said the Pacific Eight teams were better year in and year out than the ACC teams. The ACC's record speaks for itself. Last year the seven conference teams won 72 games and lost 18 against outside competition, a winning percentage of .800. Quite a record.

JEFFREY ISOM

Danville, Va.

Sirs:

I would wager that if UCLA played an ACC regular-season schedule and then topped that off by playing in the ACC tournament, the Bruins would not come through undefeated. As for Bob Boyd's statement, I can only laugh, but I believe David Thompson would just smile and wink.

MARK JERZICKI

Boone, N.C.

Sirs:

Anyway to tell it, Curry! That was probably the best article ever written for SI, and sure enough, the ACC is ready for another chance this year. Admittedly, the Bruins are the class of the land, but I had to read through all of the Top 20 scouting reports to find another Pacific Eight team listed. Oh, if we only had a crack at Mr. Boyd's Trojan! I don't guess they've got much of a chance, though.

BILL WARREN

Goldboro, N.C.

Sirs:

When is the ACC going to stop making excuses and start winning championships? In your latest article we again hear the age-old alibi that the best team doesn't always represent the ACC in the NCAA tournament (you say only 13 times in 20 years) because of the competition in the ACC's own post-season playoff. Doesn't that tell you something about the worth of their playoffs?

As for Curry Kirkpatrick's excuse for Maryland's trouncing in last year's Eastern regional, Len Elnore was playing on one foot because Providence kept him hopping. Even with Ernie D out for half of the game, and despite playing in ACC country, Providence put Maryland where it belongs.

BO JENKINS

Wallingford, Conn.

Sirs:

I find it very sad that a magazine such as yours, which has made a success of covering the world of sport, has seemingly lost track of the spirit of good sportsmanship. How could you print an article in which Curry Kirkpatrick actually wishes the UCLA basketball team an unsuccessful year? Coach John Wooden once came to the microphone during a game at Pauley Pavilion and asked that the home fans root like mad for UCLA but that they not root against our opponent. That is class, Kirkpatrick; maybe you and your editors could learn from it.

J. R. SCHLOSSBERG

Chicago

Sirs:

If the Atlantic Coast Conference conspired to place David Thompson, Len Elnore, Tom McMillen, John Lucas and Monte Towe on the same team, with North Carolina's bench and Lefty Driesell as coach, it still couldn't beat UCLA in Chapel Hill, Raleigh, College Park—or Dinksh.

RAY THOMPSON

South Bound Brook, N.J.

NATIONAL ASPIRANTS

Sirs:

Surely your ranking of UCLA No. 1 and North Carolina State No. 2 (*The Top Twenty*, Nov. 26) cannot be knocked. But how can anyone who knows anything about basketball talent leave a perennial Top 20 team unranked and devote only seven treasely lines to it? The University of Houston will again be in the NCAA playoffs.

FELIX H. JACKSON

Denver

Sirs:

Notre Dame knocked off ex-No. 1 USC in football, and it will knock off UCLA in basketball. This is the year of the Irish.

MARC KRAMER

Brooklyn

Sirs:

How can you be so inconsistent? You mentioned defending NIT titlist Virginia Tech, which returns nine of its first 10 players this year. In light of this, how can you place Alabama and Notre Dame, two of the teams the Gobbler's knocked off in the NIT last year, in your Top 20 while omitting the resurgent VPI team?

JIM SPANGLER

Nashville

Sirs:

I must say that your 1973-74 Top 20, with Syracuse placed No. 12, is an accurate and fair presentation. But I feel I should remind

you that Syracuse will settle for nothing less than No. 1 in the East, while No. 10 Providence will fall from the top spot it occupied last year. They've lost Ernie DuVal—and still got Sweet D (Dennis DuVal)—and more.

ALAN BARYAK

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

With All-America candidates Marvin Barnes and Kevin Stacom, and Dave Gavitt, the best coach in the nation, the Providence College Friars are going all the way.

JEFFREY BROWN

Pawtucket, R.I.

Sirs:

I was astonished when I read the scouting report on the small colleges. The article mainly concerns Assumption, which "would like to become a small-college power." If you are going to write an article about a small-college team it should be about Kentucky Wesleyan.

In postseason play Assumption has only once finished in the top four. That was last season when it came in third. On the other hand, Kentucky Wesleyan, which was not even mentioned, has won the NCAA small-college championship four times in the last eight years, including last season. It has also won more tournament games than any other small-college team in history.

SCOTT HORNADAY

Owensboro, Ky.

THE BEST PLAYERS

Sirs:

Robert H. Boyle's fine article *Only Senior Backs Need Apply* (Nov. 26) not only points out the absurdity of the Heisman Trophy awards but the thick-skulled mentality of most sportswriters. The trophy supposedly goes to the best college player in the land for one season's performance. But sportswriters, looking first for hometown or regional favorites and secondly for the player who will make it big in the pros, make a mockery of what the trophy really stands for. Now it is only a popularity contest, where the sleek, the fast and the beautiful win. Maybe someday Bert Parks will get a chance to hand out the trophy. The sportswriters would no doubt like that.

STEVE HARRIS

Burlington, Vt.

Sirs:

Your article on the formula voting for the Heisman Trophy was right on target, especially since you mentioned the biggest travesty of all—Paul Hornung in 1956. Jim Brown of Syracuse should have won that

continued



Action is having an electronic fuel-injected 2.0-liter engine take you from 0 to 60 in 11.0 seconds.

Action is stopping on radial tires with 4-wheel disc brakes.

Action is taking a corner with rack-and-pinion steering in a mid-engine car and feeling closer to the road than the white line.

Action

The

Action is a 5-speed gearbox.

Action is a light, fiberglass roof you can take off in less than a minute.

Action is sporting a built-in roll bar.

Action is 13 of the wildest colors you've ever seen. From Zambesi Green to Signal Orange.

Action is 29 miles to the gal-

lon and a cruising range of more than 400 miles on one tank of gas.

Action is finally stopping for gas and having all the station attendants wanting to wait on you.

Action is what you get every time you step into a mid-engine Porsche 914.

Porsche

year, but prejudice prevailed. It remained for Ernie Davis of Syracuse—in 1961—to become the first black Heisman winner.

R. WILSON VIVIAN

Rancho Mirage, Calif.

Sirs:

Robert H. Boyle says that Anthony Davis of Southern Cal has been a comparative bust this season. Davis has gained more than 1,000 yards for the second year in a row, even though everyone was out to get him and he was rotated with Rod McNeil and Allen Carter at the tailback slot. Davis is only the second man in USC history to gain 1,000 yards or more in two seasons; the other was O. J. Simpson. If he is considered a bust in 1973 because he couldn't score six touchdowns in one game as he did last year, something is wrong.

DAVID SWAIN

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sirs:

Not only was San Diego State (9-1-1) snubbed again this year in the bowl bids, Robert Boyle stripped Aztec Quarterback Jesse Freitas of one of his national statistics. Boyle stated that Arizona State Quarterback

Denny White led the nation in total offense. Freitas passed White on Nov. 17 to take over the national lead, and also widened his statistics as the nation's leading passer.

In that Nov. 17 game against Fresno State, Jesse completed 33 of 42 passes for 430 yards and four touchdowns in just three quarters. He also has surpassed former Aztec Dennis Shaw's record of 199 completions in one season with a 1973 total of 227.

DALE TUBBING

Chula Vista, Calif.

Sirs:

At the time your article was written Mark Kellar of Northern Illinois University had become the leading rusher in the nation, and he is now the fifth alltime career rusher in NCAA history. Kellar probably won't win the Heisman Trophy, but he deserves it.

CIRKUS SEIBTRUP

Mendota, Ill.

CANYON JUMPER

Sirs:

After reading your article on Evel Knievel (*High Jumping to a Conclusion*, Nov. 19), I have come to three possible conclusions about this man: 1) he is the greatest fool in

the world; 2) he is the most courageous man I have ever seen; or 3) he is just so blinded by the prospects of financial gain that he doesn't fully realize that he is playing with death. Whatever makes him do the things he does, I'm sure glad I haven't caught it.

EDWIN K. HUDSON

Tempe, Ariz.

Sirs:

As an avid fan of Evel Knievel, I must say that when you finally get around to writing about him, you do a bang-up job, pictures and all. I only wish that I could see articles on Evel more often. Thank you for recognizing the last of the daredevils.

BRYAN WHITEHEAD

Jacksonville, Fla.

CRITICS

Sirs:

Why is it that your reportage is so consistently excellent and your editorializing so infuriatingly strong? How I relied with every cheap shot at the Mets (yet they still almost made it), with each prediction I don't know whether to shudder or just giggle. Now your reviewer (*BOOKTALK*, Nov. 5) plays the "let's get Howard" game with characteristic lack

restraint!

Put some more flavor in your life

Smoke from the finest tobaccos filtered through a bed of real charcoal to enrich the flavor and soften the taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Extra long 16 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Feb. 73)

If you think...



**Warren Court
is a new kind
of tennis surface...**

**Cease and desist
is a South American
dance team...**

**Arraignment
is something you
wear when there's a
90% chance of
precipitation...**

You'd better turn to us
for help.

Perhaps no one is that
out of touch with matters
dealing with justice and the
law. But it does take a lot
of doing to keep in touch
with the astonishingly
quick changes that are
taking place these days.

For example, people
may know that "plea
bargaining" isn't asking for
a raise by whining, but do
they know what it really is?

They stand a better
chance than most if they're
regular listeners to one of
the seven CBS Owned

AM stations. Because to
keep you on top of the
news, it's our job to get to
the bottom of things.

In the emotionally
charged areas of crime,
civil rights and justice,
each of our stations can list
a long record of accomplish-
ments.

In Philadelphia, WCAU
Radio produced an eight-
part, award-winning series
with former U.S. Attorney
General Ramsey Clark,
"Law vs. Justice."

Still another award
winner was the eleven-part
analysis of the state
ballot measure on capital
punishment, presented by
KCBS Newsradio, San
Francisco.

The daily "Report on
Law Enforcement" by
WCBS Newsradio, New
York, has run the gamut
from an explanation
of the parole system to
a documentary on
the activities of decoy
policewoman "K.O.
Kathy," which featured a

dramatic recorded radio
exchange between Kathy
and her backup team as
she was being approached
by a mugger.

In addition to the literally
hundreds of special
programs and editorials
like these, each of our
stations is also reporting,
within minutes, local and
national news dealing
with crime and justice.

So a person listening to
one of our stations will
never be caught thinking
that a "plainclothesman" is
an indifferent dresser.
He'll know what he really
is, what he does and how
he relates to the law
enforcement picture as a
whole.

The CBS Owned AM Stations

We feel responsible
to over 60 million people.

WEEI Newsradio 28, Boston
WCBS Newsradio 88, New York
WCAI Radio 121, Philadelphia
WBBM Newsradio 78, Chicago
KMOX 1120, St. Louis
KCBS Newsradio 74, San Francisco
KNX Newsradio 1070, Los Angeles

Represented by CBS Radio Spot Sales



African fertility doll

We promise nothing.

Except complete satisfaction with this golden* Aya Museum Replica of the real thing which is in the American Museum of Natural History. So precisely reproduced and carefully hand finished it's museum authorized gift boxed with descriptive history. Satisfaction (but not fertility) guaranteed! *Gold electroplate.
 12" x 18" x 8" Rep. \$19.95 (incl. s/h) \$9.99.
 12" x 18" x 8" Rep. \$19.95 (incl. s/h) \$9.99.
 12" x 18" x 8" Rep. \$19.95 (incl. s/h) \$9.99.
 12" x 18" x 8" Rep. \$19.95 (incl. s/h) \$9.99.
 12" x 18" x 8" Rep. \$19.95 (incl. s/h) \$9.99.

Museum Collections



walking by the numbers

After a goodly bit of time, the new Digimango calculator is now available. It's a digital calculator. There's no guessing and no error. Today's price is \$12.95. It's a digital calculator. There's no guessing and no error. Today's price is \$12.95. It's a digital calculator. There's no guessing and no error. Today's price is \$12.95.

Please send me Digimango. My check for \$12.95 (\$8.95 plus \$4.00 postage and insurance) is enclosed. California and tax. Return in two weeks if not delighted.

Name _____
 Address _____

584 Washington
 San Francisco
 94111 **haverhills**
 94111

19TH HOLE continued

of imagination. My consolation is the fact that despite *Secrets*, *Illustrated* and Jonathan Yardley, *Coult* has finished its first month on *The New York Times* Best Seller List and has climbed. In this era of sports-business, Howard sells it like it is.

ROBERT BRITTON

Spain, N.J.

HAWK HUNTERS (CONT.)

Sirs:

Mr. W. E. Hunt's criticism (Nov. 19) of the BASS Masters Classic soon to suffer from the usual myopia of the uninformed pundit. True, the high-powered boats used in tournaments bear little resemblance to the average fisherman's rig—but that is irrelevant. Boats don't catch fish; they just get you around big water quicker to permit more fishing time. The professional level of most sports produce useful information for the amateurs. The techniques of the pros and the knowledge gained greatly contribute to the weekend fisherman's enjoyment of the sport. These techniques, as disseminated in publications such as *Bassmaster* and *Fishing For*, have tripled my catching fun in two years. For instance, last year I caught—and released—more than 400 bass, keeping a few others for the table. My boat cost only \$150, but I used knowledge gained from the pros.

As for "raping" and "plundering" a lake, almost all tournament fish are returned alive to the lake. In addition, BASS (1) cooperates with fishery biologists at each tournament in gathering critical data on bass; (2) is raising \$200,000 for bass research; and (3) fights bureaucratic regulations detrimental to the public interest (pollution, habitat destruction, public use fees, etc.). Few organizations are as dedicated to preserving recreational sportfishing as BASS. As a lay fisherman, I consider my \$100 annual dues a very fine investment. I urge Mr. Hunt to join.

JAMES H. MOORE

Bloomington, Mass.

Sirs:

Thank you for your thorough and enjoyable article on the Masters for fisherman (*Hunt* *Just for the Bass Masters*, Nov. 5). The BASS Masters Classic deserves annual coverage, since bass fishing is the nation's biggest participant sport. Ray Scott and BASS deserve an accolade, too, for they not only promote bass fishing, they have made great strides in the conservation of our nation's waterways. Thanks for realizing that there is more to the world of sport than football, baseball, basketball and golf.

JOHN M. EVANS

White Castle, La.

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
 Time & Life Building,
 Rockefeller Center,
 New York, New York 10020

Time Inc. also publishes *TIME*, *FOR*, *IT'S*, *MONEY*, and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the international editions of *TIME*. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heskell, Vice Chairman, Roy L. Larsen, President, James R. Shepley, Chairman of the Executive Committee, James A. Linck, Group Vice Presidents, Robert A. Auld, Charles B. Bear, Arthur W. Keylor, R. M. Buckley, Vice President—Finance and Treasurer, Richard B. McKeough, Vice President—Corporate & Public Affairs, Donald M. Wilson, Vice President, Ralph P. Davidson, Robert P. Fisher, Otto Fuchsinger, Charles L. Gleason, Jr., John L. Halkenbeck, Peter S. Hopkins, Lawrence Laybourne, Edward Patrick Lenthall, Henry Luce III, Joan D. Manley, John A. Meyers, J. Richard Munro, E. Gabriel Perle, Herbert D. Schatz, Ira R. Slager, Robert M. Stodd, Keshi F. Sutton, Arthur H. Thornhill, Jr., Gary Vail, Barry Zorthian, Asst. Treasurers, Kevin J. Dolan, J. Winston Fowles, Nicholas J. Nicholas, Comptroller, David H. Dolben, Asst. Secretary and Asst. Comptroller, William E. Bishop, Asst. Secretary, P. Peter Shepley.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS & ORDER FORM

IF YOU'RE MOVING, PLEASE LET US KNOW 4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Attach your present mailing label here and fill in your new address below. Mail to:
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
TIME & LIFE BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

FOR FASTER SERVICE

About this or other matters concerning your subscription—billing, renewal, complaints, additional subscriptions, etc.,

CALL TOLL FREE

800-621-8200

(Illinois: 800-972-8302)

Subscription price in the U.S. & Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean Islands is \$12.00 a year. May personal expense in the world \$5.00 a year. All other \$10.00 a year.

To order SI, check Box: ☐ new ☐ renewal

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

The world's most popular Christmas Club.

Luxuriously gift-wrapped
at no extra charge.



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
IMPORTED BY CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HERON WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Our new menthol is a lemon.



Because we added a dash of lemon freshness to new menthol TWIST, it tastes fresher than ordinary cigarettes and gives you a smoother cool. Try TWIST, the one and only lemon menthol.

Twist
Lemon Menthol 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.